

DOWIE IS DEAD

Great Leader Of The
Zionists Gone

AT ONE TIME WORTH TEN
MILLION DOLLARS

But Passed Away Almost Alone In
Seeming Poverty

ONLY TWO FRIENDS AND HIS ATTORNEYS
AT HIS BESIDE

Chicago, Ill., March 10.—John Alexander Dowie died yesterday. This remarkable leader, at one time almost worshipped by thousands of people, who has held huge audiences and whose ideas have adherents all over the world, passed away, only two friends and his attorneys being at his bedside.

His wife and son had deserted him, his great city which he had built is almost uninhabited, and the thousands who once obeyed his smallest command were not at his home to wait in sorrow for his erstwhile leader to breathe his last.

At one time he was the possessor of \$10,000,000, but he died in seeming poverty.

It had been Dowie's custom to hold religious services every Sunday afternoon in the parlor of Shiloh house.

Five weeks ago those meetings ceased, and Dowie appeared no longer in public. The Sunday meetings, however, were still held by his adherents.

Since that time Dowie had gradually been falling. Friday afternoon he received a few followers, and prayed for some people. His condition seemed to be about the same as for the past two or three weeks.

One of the attendants remained with him until midnight, and was relieved by the other attendant.

Shortly before one o'clock in the morning Dowie became delirious and his talk was the same as at a religious meeting in the days of his prime. He denounced Zionists with the old-time vigor, ordered the guards to throw out disturbers and acted just as he had on so many previous occasions. He gradually became weaker and weaker, and the attendant telephoned for Judge Barnes, who reached Shiloh house at 7 a. m. Forty minutes later Dowie died.

A large number of followers and others have gathered at Shiloh house. Mrs. Dowie, Judge Dowie, the "prophet's" father, and his son, who are at "Ben, Melba," Michigan, are expected at Zion City today.

In 1906 he appointed W. G. Voliva general overseer of the church, but a month later Voliva had all the property belonging to the church transferred from Dowie to Overseer Granger, charging extravagance and gross mismanagement by Dowie. Dowie immediately started for Chicago, took the controversy to the courts for settlement, and lost.

Since then he has been sinking into senile insanity, marked at times by bitter outbursts. The burial will be in Mt. Olivet cemetery, not far from Zion City. The date of the funeral has not been determined.

Mr. Voliva declared that the death of the former leader would not affect the future of the church in any adverse manner.

"Because of Mr. Dowie's sad mental and physical condition," said Voliva, "he has been a hindrance in many ways. Now that he has gone all bitter feeling, just or unjust, will disappear."

"Dr. Dowie has done a work for humanity that is, in some respects second to none that has been done by anybody, past or present. Nothing will be heard but talk of his good especially as it should be proved that his mind began to fall several years ago. His death will not alter the conduct of the church."

John Alexander Dowie was born at Edinburgh, Scot., in 1847, and when 13 years of age with his parents went to South Australia. At the age of twenty he was a junior partner in a dry goods concern, and up to that time had apparently no idea of entering the ministry.

In 1868 he returned to Edinburgh where he remained three years in the university. He was ordained in 1872.

Dowie's first church was at Manly Beach, an ocean suburb of Sydney, N. S. W.

In 1879, while in Sydney, he decided to leave the Congregational church, being opposed to the system of church government and the general lack of spirituality. In 1882 he went to Melbourne, where he established the Free Christian Tabernacle.

For two years he travelled up and down the coast from Melbourne to New Zealand preaching divine healing. He got into trouble and was thrown into prison at Tasmania. After being released from a cell in 1888 he went to San Francisco, landing in that city with just \$100 in his pocket.

The next two years he preached all along the Pacific coast. In June, 1890, he proceeded to Chicago, where he landed penniless. In two years he collected money enough to build Tabernacle No. 1, known as Zion Tabernacle.

From 1893 to 1898 the people flocked to him. On August 25, 1899, his cause was dealt a severe blow by Mr. Dowie being denounced as a confidence man by Justice Martin in a Chicago police court.

In October of the same year he came near being the victim of a mob of medical students in Chicago, who pelted him with alabaster and ammonia.

March 7, 1900, he was sued for slander. April 30, of the same year he announced that he would build a great lace factory in Zion City. July 24, he asked for all the gold and silver his people could send him and invited them to put the money in his hands as trustee.

In August of the same year, fearing the assassins he declared surrounded him, he left Chicago in a special car with seventy-one pieces of baggage for New York, and sailed on the steamer Graf Waldersee, paying \$1500 for his staterooms, alone.

September 3 of the same year he purchased 6,900 acres lying near Waukegan, Ill., on which he planned to build his Zion City. The next day he issued a call for \$1,000,000 as a New Year's gift to Zion.

On the 7th of October, he opened his London campaign and succeeded in making a few converts. On October 15, 400 medical students jeered him in St. Martin's town hall; Oct. 22 he caused a riot by denouncing English people for not heeding what he told them. Two days later he was jeered and booed by 5,000 people for calling names, and on November 25, went to France.

April 7, 1902, he launched a new Zion, and advocated a new constitution for the United States. May 14 of this year, he summoned in haste a physician to his dying daughter's side.

In October of that year Dowie was ordered by the courts to refund \$50,000 to the heirs of Frederick Sutton of New Zealand, who had invested his money in Zion.

In September, 1903, he declared that the churches and newspapers of New York were the Devil's own, and that Satan has his throne in Wall street.

On November 8, he brought his New York crusade to a close by baptizing seventy-nine converts, the result of three weeks' work and a money outlay of \$300,000.

November 21 he issued an order prohibiting kissing within Zion City. In 1904 he made farewell to Zion City and started on a tour of the world. He first visited Australia.

In Sydney he was obliged to flee for his life for saying insulting things of King Edward. From there he went to Paris, Holland and London. In the latter place he was driven out of his hotel by a mob and obliged to leave hurriedly to save his life.

In 1905 he was obliged to give up and turned over the management of Zion City to William Glenn Voliva, who became financial and executive head of Zion City on February 8.

A month later he was deposed. His final downfall occurred when his wife and children broke with him because he wanted to form a seven-woman harem in Mexico and place Ruth Hofer, the Swiss belle, at the head of it.

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LIKELY TO RECOVER

Encouraging Reports From Beside Of
President's Son

Washington, March 11.—Marked improvement was shown on Sunday in the condition of Archie Roosevelt, the President's son, who is ill with diphtheria. No official bulletins were issued, but in the evening Surgeon General Rixey expressed the opinion that Archie was practically out of danger so far as the diphtheria is concerned, but that the disease had left him in a somewhat weakened condition. He added, however, that if no complications set in the boy should be well in two or three weeks.

A more hopeful feeling prevails at the White House regarding the sick boy than at any time since the recent setback in his condition. So gratifying was the improvement on Sunday that the President and Dr. Lambert felt that they could safely leave the lad in the care of others, and they went away from the White House twice.

At 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon the President, accompanied by Dr. Lambert, went to Representative Longworth's residence, where they took luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, returning to the White House at three o'clock. An hour later President Roosevelt and Dr. Lambert went out for a long walk.

Dr. Rixey, the family physician of the Roosevelts, called early on Sunday to see Archie. Upon leaving he stated that Archie had passed an excellent night and his condition was satisfactory, and that he is now convalescent from the attack of diphtheria. He expressed the opinion that should no complications set in it would be only a question of a short time before Archie would again be a well boy.

It was felt by the physicians that, owing to the continued improvement in Archie's condition, the daily bulletins could be dispensed with.

Drs. Lambert, Rixey and Kennedy were with the patient for several hours Sunday night and at eleven o'clock it was announced at the White House that Archie was resting easily. Drs. Lambert and Kennedy remained in the sick room throughout the night. The President received several callers Sunday night and retired shortly after eleven o'clock.

FINE RECITAL

Given by Mr. Perkins, Assisted by
Mrs. Thayer and Mr. Newick

On Saturday afternoon, the first of a series of Lenten organ recitals was given at the North Church by Lyman Atkins Perkins. An excellent program was enjoyed by those who heard the recital and the renditions of the selections given by Mr. Perkins evidenced an unusual mastery of the organ.

Mrs. Helen H. Thayer was pianist and Ira A. Newick, as soloist, sang finely.

The numbers of the program were from the works of some of the most famous composers of sacred music. The program in full follows:

Sonata No. 8, Rheinberger
Fuge, Intermezzo, Scherzoso.
Passacaglia.
Aria, "O, God Have Mercy," (St. Paul) Mendelssohn
Allegro Con Grazia, Tschakowsky
Piano and organ
Aria, Pro Peccatis, (Stabat Mater) Rossini
Herceuse, Delbruck
Alleluia, DuBols

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Shriner on Trial

Kansas City, Mo., March 11.—The case of Henry H. Allen, who is charged with embezzling \$7,614 from the Mystic Shrine while acting as recorder, will be called for trial today. Considerable interest is manifested in the case from the fact that the accused is said to be the first official since the foundation of the order who has ever been accused of embezzlement.

For 18.1 Billiard Championship

Chicago, Ill., March 11.—All devotees of the "gentlemen's game" are displaying a keen interest in the billiard match to take place in Orchestra Hall tonight between George Sutton and Jacob Schaefer, two of the greatest cue experts America has ever produced. The contest is for the 18.1 championship title, which Willie Hopps forfeited to Sutton. The latter has been playing great billiards of late, but with Schaefer in form the "Wizard" admirers look for him to give the champion a hard tussle.

TWO MUFFS IN ONE.

She sat between her two lovers in the trap, George was driving, and Edward was pressed closely against the rail. The night was dark, but the horse was old and knew his way. This gave George an opportunity to hold the reins in one hand, and also to slip the other into the lady's unoccupied muff. Presently—well, two hands were tenderly pressing each other. The end of the drive came at last, and a sweet, small voice whispered: "When you two gentlemen have quite done with my muff perhaps you will be kind enough to let me have it." Then did two sworn enemies alight from the trap with thoughts that could scarcely be expressed coherently in presentable language.—Judge.

Still Cheerful.
"Blakesley's the most persistent optimist I ever knew. He slipped and fell in a mud puddle yesterday and you never saw such a sight as he was when he got up."

"What did he say?"
"He congratulated himself on the fact that it was so nice and soft where he had struck and expressed the opinion that if it had been hard he might have broken a bone or two."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"WOMAN EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN."



"My wife is a lecturer, and I am an entertainer."

"I never knew you appeared in public."

"I don't. I stop at home and entertain the kids!"

Texts and Textiles.
The Reverend Dulio de Head has lately turned tailor, 'tis said. No texts he compiles. To hunt through the almanacs. But he sticks to his text-alises instead.—Judge.

A Strategist.

"Your enemies are going after you in a very relentless manner."
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "Aren't you going to defend yourself?"
"No: I am going to let them keep on talking until the public gets tired of the topic and dismisses them as bores."—Washington Star.

A Sure Sign.

"I feel very sorry for poor Jiblets. When did they first suspect that his wife's mind was giving way?"
"When one day she refused to attend a marked-down bargain sale on the ground that it was only in reason to pay a good price to get a good thing."—Baltimore American.

Careless.

"It is deplorable to see the way American millionaires are buying our works of art," said one European dealer.

"Yes," answered the other, "and the worst of it is that we are occasionally so careless as to let one get away that is genuine."—Washington Star.

Very Strong There.

"What did young Bluffer go to the hospital for?"
"I believe to have some kind of a nerve operation."

"Hold on! There's a mistake somewhere. There's nothing the matter with his nerve!"—Baltimore American.

She Had an Impression.

"I regard Henry James as one of the strongest writers of the period," said the lecturer.

"My goodness," remarked a lady who occupied a front seat, "I thought he never wrote periods at all."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Never a Surplus.

"What are you going to do with your surplus wealth?"
"My friend," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "surplus wealth is a myth; a superstition. There is no such thing in the personal experience of any individual."—Washington Star.

Change Might Do Him Good.

Patient.—Every time I attempt to eat a beefsteak I have an attack of neuralgia in my jaws.

Doctor.—Why don't you try some other boarding house?—Chicago Daily News.

Their Own Fault.

"Poets usually have sad lives," said the sentimentalist.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "writing the kind of things they do, I don't see how they could expect to be very cheerful."—Washington Star.

No Comparison.

"Kitty, which do you like the better, me or candy?"

"I like you awfully well, Uncle George, but I just love candy!"—Chicago Tribune.

FOUND LIQUOR

Police Searched Several Places at North End and Freeman's Point

The liquor squad was out on Sunday on a hunt for the stuff and brought in a choice lot, captured at Freeman's Point.

The police searched several places at the North End and then called on Police Baldwin on Cutts street. There they found beer and whiskey in kegs and cases and told the proprietor that they wanted samples.

They requested him to come to the station with them and his case was heard before Judge Simms in police court today.

TO BOSTON IN AN AUTO

Charles Towle, Charles Dondero and Hiram Weaver left this (Monday) afternoon in an automobile over the road for Boston.

GROUND SOMEBODY

A ground on the fire alarm system caused a stroke on the alarm shortly before eight o'clock this morning.

MUSIC HALL
F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

Wednesday, March 13.

Grand Matinee at 2:30.

THE SHOW YOU KNOW

Shepard's Marvelous
Moving Pictures

Including the Thrilling
Picture,

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

And 22 Others, All New—
Hear J. Kirby Cahill Sing
the Latest N. Y. Song

Hit,

When I Am a Man Like Dad.

Positely Not One Picture
Ever Shown Here Before.

Prices 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Matinee 10c and 25c.

Sets on sale at Music Hall Box Office,
Monday morning, March 11th.

Thursday Evening, March 14.

NEIL BURGESS

And His Big Production of Charles
Barnard's Pastoral Play,

THE
COUNTY FAIR

Two Carloads of Scenery, Horses
and Mechanical Effects,
Presenting

THE GREATEST HORSE RACE SCENE
EVER WITNESSED.

4 THOROUGHBREDS 4

Running a Full Mile in Continuous
View of the Audience.

Prices 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Sets on sale at Music Hall Box Office,
Tuesday morning, March 12th.

REVIVO
RESTORES VITALITY

"Made a
Well Man
of Me."

THE
GREAT
REVIVO REMEDY

produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men may regain their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Disease, Insist on getting REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it with guarantee. Circulars free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Portsmouth by
G. E. PHILBRICK, DRUGGIST

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
Saturday, March 16.

MATINEE AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.

THE SEASON'S EVENT!

B. C. WHITNEY'S

Piquant Musical Mixture

ISLE OF SPICE

The Peer of All Musical Comedies

20 SONG HITS AND UNIQUE DANCING.

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

With MISS LESLIE LEIGH, the Original Peggy
Brady of the Boston and New York Runs.

Company and Special Orchestra of 60 People—American Beauty
Chorus—Positively the Greatest, Prettiest, Singing, Acting and
Dancing Chorus Ever Organized—Entire Production Richly
Staged, Handsomely Gowned, Cleverly Acted, Perfectly Presented.

Matinee Prices—Adults 25c, 50c and 75c. Children When Accompanied by
Adults, 25c for Reserved Seat.

Evening Prices—35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Sets on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Thursday, March 14th.

OPEN TO THE
WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE
FRANK JONES BREWING
COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the
World to inspect its plant and to see the actual
workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the
world where greater care is used in the preparing
of an article for human consumption than in the
Brewing of the

Frank Jones
Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRO-
DUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM
THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL
COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to
the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

BLAKE WHISKEY SCHLITZ' LAGER

JONES' ALE

ELDREDGE'S LAGER PORTSBURGER LAGER

Andrew O. Caswell
BOTTLER,

12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection.

PORTSMOUTH HALF STOCK ALE

BUDWEISER LAGER ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEER

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood purifiers which failed to do me any good but I have found the Pimple Cure. My face was full of pimples and black heads. After using Cascarets they all left. I am confident the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine with it. I am in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."

Best For
The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC

They Work While You Sleep

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, No After Effects. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablets stamped "Cascarets" and "E. J. C. Co." are the only ones to use. Guaranteed cure or your money refunded. 50c.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 50c

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

CUTTING THE HORNS OF THE BILEMMA

By STANLEY E. HOUCK

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

His name was John, despite the fact that he was called Jack; and he was a junior in college. Her name was Marjory, and she was a senior. The "girls" had all agreed that he wasn't handsome, that he was inclined to be saucy, but that he was nevertheless "awfully nice and very much worth while." None of the boys disputed the fact that she was the prettiest thing on the campus.

Jack was sitting on the library steps wondering how much longer it would take Marjory to get to the library steps, where he was waiting for her—she having rounded the corner a half block away, at least 15 minutes before. Her progress was slow, and the crowd about her was increasing in size and delight. He wanted to be with her alone, or he would have added himself to the gathering. He was scheming a means to relieve himself from a self-imposed dilemma of which he was one horn and Marjory the other.

She had started it three years before at a reception where they had met. He was a freshman and she a sophomore then, and she had opened the conversation by telling him, in the patronizing tone sophomores use toward freshmen, that she had decided to make use of her sophomore prerogative and place him "on her string." He being very bold and saucy, for a freshman, had accepted the gage by retorting that his one ambition was to fall head over heels in love with some girl, and if she didn't mind he would practice on her. Since then neither had lost any opportunity of assuring the other of his undying affection in many varied and amusing ways.

Now he wanted, seriously to tell her of his love for her, but he had told her of it so often in fun that he couldn't quite see any way of making her take his declaration as being made seriously in earnest and not made seriously in fun.

"A penny for your thoughts, Jack," she said, brightly, when at last she reached him.

"Thinking about you, Marjory," he replied.

"You don't say, and what were you thinking about me?"

"Refuse to be interviewed," "Why, Jack," she said, in a tone of mock injury, "do you mean to tell me, after we have been in love all these years, that you have secrets from me?"

He assumed a tone of dignified authority. "Marjory, as you love me, I must insist that you don't let your feminine curiosity get the better of you."

"My curiosity? You stimulated it on purpose, consequently you are responsible for it. If you don't tell me right away, I'll cut you dead."

"The trouble is that I'm afraid you'll cut me dead if I tell you."

"No I won't."

"All right. Let's take a walk down the river and I'll think it over," he decided, making a sudden resolution.

They left the library and walked off toward the river. When they reached the well-beaten path they turned their backs to the college buildings and strolled leisurely along, following closely the edge of the high, bluff-like bank of the river. Neither spoke for a time.

As they went along he began to wonder what the outcome of it all would be. The more he thought the weaker his resolution became—there was Marjory, the prettiest and most perfect girl in the world, and on the other hand, here was he, just an ordinary, average sort of a fellow. When he looked back and tried to analyze her conduct toward him and towards others, he could not see that she had treated him any different than any of the others. Indeed, when it all came back to him, with a rush, he wondered at his self-conceit in thinking that Marjory, of all girls, would find anything in him to love. Still, he thought he wouldn't have had things other than they had been those last three years while they had been playing their little farce, for he felt that only circumstances could have brought them together as they had been. So he blessed the lucky day of the start, though he covered before a doubtful finish.

At last they passed below the last city bridge, and were alone by the river, away from all the noise and activity of the busy city.

"Are you going to tell me now?" she asked.

"No, not yet," he answered, sparring for time, "but if you will tell me what you were thinking about while we were coming here, maybe I'll begin to lead up to it."

"I was wondering whether this would be the last time I would ever take this walk and you don't know how sad it makes me feel to think how soon my school days will be over."

"That's just what I was thinking, Marjory, and I was wondering how it would seem next year to take this walk without you. Do you know, I've never taken this walk with any other girl but you? and when I think of you not being here next year, it makes me feel as though I'll never go down this way enjoying it the way I have."

"We have had some mighty good times together, haven't we, Jack?"

"So good that I'll never forget them." He paused a little and then began again: "Do you remember the

first night we met and became so

quainted?"

"Do I? Well I should say I did. I don't believe two people ever became so 'chummy' in so short a time as we did; and you were just as impudent as you could be, too."

"Do you realize that this is the first really serious talk we've ever had?" he said.

"I do believe you're right, Jack; I know I couldn't crack a joke to-day if my life depended upon it."

"Let's sit down on this tree trunk awhile before we go back," he said without replying.

For awhile neither spoke. Then he said: "Marjory."

"Yes, Jack."

"Shall I tell you now what I was thinking of when you found me at the library steps?"

"Of course, that's what we came way out here for, wasn't it? It must be something important, or you wouldn't have come so far."

He turned his eyes upon hers and they so spoke in anticipation of his words that she instinctively felt what he was about to say and a slow flush crept up over her cheeks and her eyes dropped from his. He noticed it, and it gave him an inexplicable thrill of strength to say:

"I was wondering whether you loved me, Marjory dear; I was wondering whether I could come back here again next year and be happy with you gone. I was thinking how much I needed you. Why, I've loved you ever since I first saw you, and every word I've ever said to you in all our joking, I've meant, and more, with all my heart and soul. Why, I've got so used to thinking I belonged to you that I haven't done a thing all these years without asking myself what you'd say to it if you knew. I can't say any more, dear, just I love you, love you, all the time. Will you tell me, now, what you are going to do with me?"

Then she raised her eyes to his again, and they were glistening with joy.

"Oh, Jack, you dear, dear, big, blind goose—you're worse than Cupid himself." Then she was swallowed up in a hungry embrace.

JAY GOULD'S NERVOUS BLUFF

Brought Express Company to Terms by Buying a Few Safes.

Recalling early days in the express business an officer of one of the largest companies recently told this story of Jay Gould:

"Gould and Fiske then had hold of the Erie," he said, "and the United States Express company had all the express business of the road. The contract was about to expire and Gould wanted an arrangement more profitable to the Erie."

"The Erie's doing all the work and you're making all the money, Gould said to the express people. 'You ought to do some of the work and give the railroad a chance at the money.'"

"The express company officials demurred. Their profit, they insisted, was no more than they were entitled to, and they refused to shade the contract a penny. Gould insisted on a decrease, but they remained obdurate and eventually let the Erie president understand—that he very well knew—that no other company would compete against the United States for the Erie business. All the companies were in an agreement to maintain rates."

"All right," said Gould at the conclusion of the interview, "you've no objection, I guess, to my going into the express business for myself. It looks better than railroad."

"The express people replied that Gould could organize all the companies he wanted to. They thought it was all bluff, but things that came to their attention soon weakened their faith in this idea. Gould was going around among his associates talking up the express company scheme, of officials of other roads were told that a new company would be in the field to bid for their business, and the papers began to talk about the new Gould express company."

"The express officials, however, saw some of Gould's money going into the enterprise and stood pat. Presently it was reported that he had bought 24 big express safes. Was this talk or was it business, the express men asked themselves. They set to work investigating and they discovered that the report was true—Gould had actually bought and paid for the safes—safes cost money in those days—and he was negotiating for all the other equipment required."

"Now, thoroughly convinced of Gould's sincerity, the express company came to terms. Gould got the best contract from a railroad standpoint that had been known up to that time. The clause in the contract that the United States Express company considered most valuable to itself was stipulating the abandonment of Gould's express plans."

"It was all a bluff on Gould's part, except buying the safes. For that matter the purchase was, of course, part of the bluff, but Gould had actually bought and paid for them unconditionally. Nevertheless he lost nothing on the deal, for as soon as friendly relations were established with the express officials he persuaded them they could use the safes in their business and sold them to them at a little better than cost."—Washington Post.

Simplified Language.

He (in Boston)—Do you walk around town very much?

She (a native)—No, I never walked around the city in my life but I walk about the streets a good deal.—Chicago Daily News.

A MID SEA TRANSFER

By J. C. PLUMMER.

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was an easy afternoon's watch on the forecastle as a fair wind came freshly astern and every sail was drawing. We were just commenting on the Adams' yarn about the finding of the dead sailor in his own sea chest, when Pat Cannon broke in.

"Ye can't count anything extraordinary at sea," he said, "I had a quare experience, once, on the brig Manitou."

"Give it to us, Pat," we cried in chorus.

"Ye see," began Pat, cramming down the tobacco in a vile smelling pipe with his stubby forefinger, "I was on the brig Manitou and we had loaded a cargo of bones at Rosario on the La Plata, bound for Baltimore. In Argentina there's lots of horses and cattle killed for their hides and tallow to say nothing of making a pile of bone extract which they do at Frey Bentos. The bones they pile up on the pampas until there's a chance of shipping them to America where they grind 'em up for fertilizer."

"We loaded some 400 ton all shapes and sizes and there was nothing out of the way with the bones save their nasty smell, but by the time we had pulled up half way to the equator we found we had shipped more than bones. The brig was alive with centipedes. I don't know if they were sitting in the middle of the bones hatching their eggs or only taking a slape, but out they came and millions of 'em. When at first only a few came up we laughed at the quick moving things, but when the decks were smothered with 'em laughing was stopped and swearing taken up."

"Well, it was mane enough to have the blooming things crawling over one's bunk, one's food and one's hair, but when they got to biting thin it became serious. Although it was blistering hot we were all a wearing sea boots as if we was a coming to the north pole instead of to the equator. Thin a deppatation goes aft."

"We can't stand it, sorr," we sez to the skipper, "these bugs are biting us and we'd ask you to put into some handy port so we can get rid of 'em," we sez.

"The nearest port we can make," sez the skipper, "is Rio Grande and I don't want to put in there for it's a very expensive place. I'll smoke the craytures out," sez he.

"We took some brimstone and set it afire, thin we lowers it down the hatch and shuts up all the holes and crivies we could find but Glory be, there's where we made a mistake. We drew 'em out of the hold into the cabin, the forecastle and on deck. The brimstone couldn't kill 'em only drew 'em out. Iverwhere centipedes, nothing but centipedes."

"Thin we stopped up the hawse holes and rigged the pump so as to flood the deck and drown the insects, but bless your soul when the water came they climbed the rigging like able-bodied seamen and stayed up there 'till we had to let the water off."

"Well, then we didn't know what to do; the skipper was worried too for the centipedes were all over the cabin and when about noon we sights a sail he ordered the distress signal to be sent to the halliards and sint aloft. The vessel, a bark it was, hove to and sent a boat to us. When it reached us we cast a painter to it but the officer didn't make any move to board us. He gives a squint up at the spars and asks:

"'What's wrong wid ye? Ye look all right aloft.'"

"I'm a suff'rin'," sez the skipper, in reply, "wid a pestilence of bugs and I want your advice and help."

"Bugs," screams the man in the boat, "what are ye a talking about?"

"My brig is jist alive wid centipedes," answers the skipper, "and they worritin me and my crew to death."

"The man got red in the face. I reckon he thought the skipper was naking fun of him."

"I'll tell you how to get rid of your bugs," he cries, mad like, "ye take more water in your whisky; and wid 'at he casts off the line and orders the boat pulled back to the bark."

"Now, I'd been standing by to lower a ladder to the man if he wanted to board us and I had seen a stream of centipedes running along the line to the boat. Afore the boat had reached the bark I saw the man stand up and shake his fist at our brig, thin, he slapped himself mightily about the legs."

"We've a few less centipedes aboard, sorr," sez I to the skipper, "for a lot yint along the line to your boat."

"I saw 'em," he winked his eye when he said it. "It's put an idee into my head, Pat."

"He calls the mate and the two had a long palaver on the poop and thin the mate orders all the top hampers sint down. The top and top galiant masts were lowered and stowed on the deck. We were ordered to leave the rigging in a ragged way just as if the spars had been carried away by a gale. We was a wondering what the skipper was up to, thinking the centipedes had made him crazy. About four o'clock we sighted the smoke of a steamer and at once the old man had a distress signal hoisted to the stump of the mainmast. The steamer picked it up and began to bear down on us and thin the order came to man the pumps. As there was very little water in the well we thought the centipedes had turned the

skipper's head but it's obvy orders aboard ship.

"Brig aloft," sings out a man on the steamer's bridge, thin she was in halting distance, "what do you need?"

"We've been dystemed in a gale," sez the skipper, with a straight face, "and we've sprung a leak. We want you to tow us into Rio Grande."

"Where did you find a gale in this latitood?" shouts the man on the steamer, "I've not seen wind enough to fill a ryal for a week."

"'Twas a sort of whirlwind," sez the skipper; "now, what'll you charge to tow me in?"

"Well, shouts the captain of the steamer, Rio Grande will take us out of our course a heap but I'll tow you for a thousand pun."

"It's an awful price," sez our skipper, "an awful price, but what else can I do? I'll sind you a hawser."

"We lowered a boat and carried a brand new manilla hawser to the steamer which they fastened to the bits aboard and thin we pulled back to the brig."

"The steamer towed us all the evening, but when it came dark the skipper orders brimstone to be put in buckets, set afire and lowered into the hold. Glory be, how thin centipedes came a swarming on deck. Ye could hear 'em a-rustlin' there was so many of 'em."

"The mate sint a man forrard and had a thick circle of pitch made around the bowsprit just beyond the heel and thin all hands were called aft. Forrard of the wheel we lay some sheets of tin reaching clear across the deck from rail to rail. On this tin we sprinkled brimstone and set it afire. There was very little wind and the stinking smoke lay close to the deck and drew the centipedes forrard. Slowly we moved the tin plates along driving the insects towards the bow. They were mighty excited thin centipedes for they couldn't go back into the hold as the brimstone was a burning down there and they couldn't, as they always did when we tried to drown them, go out on the bowsprit and climb the stays. When they come to the circle of pitch they stopped."

"At last they found the hawser and they started along it towards the steamer. We had shoved the brimstone pretty nigh to the bow and I was standing on the forecastle when the moon came out a minute from behind some clouds. Boys, did ye iver go into a great factory and see the belts flyin in time with the turning of the wheels? Well, that's the way that hawser looked with the centipedes flying along it to the steamer. Glory be, it made my head swim to look at 'em."

"Captain," sez the mate, "the centipedes are about all on the hawser; shall I cut it and let 'em drown?"

"No," sez the old man, "it 'ud be a sin to drown thin innocent insects and besides that there fellow wanted to charge me a thousand puns to pull me to Rio Grande. Let him have the centipedes."

"Just afore morning the mate cut the hawser."

"When morning broke the steamer was well off to leeward but she wore and come down on us."

"'Aho, there,' shouts the captain of the steamer, 'your hawser's parted.'"

"'Yis, bad luck to it,' hollers back our old man."

"I'll send some men aboard wid another hawser," sez the steamer captain."

"No, I'm obleeged," calls back our old man, "the leak's stopped and I've found some spars that I'll make do."

"Thin the steamer captain spakes out his mind."

"Ye dirty Yankee swab, you," he yells, "that flotting pig sty of yours is full of bugs and they've come along the hawser onto my ship. It's fairly swarming wid 'em."

"Bugs," screams the skipper, "it's entirely crazy ye are. What d'ye mane by insulting a mariner in distress by telling him his vessel is full of bugs? If your filthy old fat kettle is full of vermin it's no hawser I want from ye and have the insects coming on my swate clean brig."

"I've a bloody good mind to run ye down, ye pusillunt Yankee," hown the steamer captain, making an angry slap at his legs."

"I'd have ye notice," sez the skipper, politely, "that the American flag is waving over my brig and it's me that 'ud like to see you run her down."

"Thin the steamer captain jerks the bell to the engine room and away she went to the south'ard, but the captain was shaking his fist at the brig as long as the two crafts were in sight of each other."

"And, d'ye know, boys," continued Cannon, mysteriously, "that steamer was called the Kathleen and though I've read the shipping news and asked iver seamen I've met I've niver heard of her since."

"What do you suppose happened to her?" was asked.

"It's my belief," replied Cannon, "that thin centipedes ate up the crew and thin gnawed a hole in the ship's iron skin and wint down wid her."

Pegasus at the Plow.

At the close of a grand ball a celebrated actor of the Court theater in Berlin stands in the passage waiting for friends.

A beautifully and fashionably dressed lady approaches him and says: "Beg pardon, have I the honor to see before me our famous Herr Donnerstamme, whose powerful and sonorous voice I had the pleasure of admiring last night in 'Machbeth'?" Might I ask you to do me a little favor?"

"I am quite at your service, madam."

"Then will you be good enough to call out in the street in your loud-toned voice for the carriage of Baroness Swartz?"—Sunday Magazine.

BELETED

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

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The lights from many candles, varicolored, subdued, filled the room with a soft, elusive radiance. Pink-purple-gold shadows danced on the walls and touched the bric-a-brac and furniture with warm, caressing fingers. In the fireplace, a bed of mellow coals glowed sleepily, filling the room with cozy warmth. A clock ticked drowsily.

Beside the reading-table sat a beautiful woman. One elbow rested on the table; with the other hand, she was idly turning the leaves of a book. Her full, creamy lids drooped over the eyes fastened upon the pages. Her lips, scarlet, tremulous, were curved in a little half-smile that enhanced their exquisite mold. Two delicate pink roses had slipped into her cheeks, and her glistening gold hair tumbled ravishingly over her white forehead.

After awhile, she rose and crossed the room to a window; parting the rich, velvet curtains, she stared curiously out into the traffic-stirred street.

A fine sheet had set in and was pelting the window-panes sharply. Cars and cabs and carriages flew back and forth in constantly-shifting panorama. The street was alive with motor-cars. All at once, one of the great, palpitating monsters slid up to the sidewalk in front of the gate and a man stepped out. He wore a heavy storm-coat, buttoned from chin to knee, and his alpine was drawn down over his eyes. It was impossible to recognize him in the uncertain, artificial light of the street, but there was something subtly familiar about the swing of his gait, the conspicuous breadth of his shoulders, that made her heart start queerly.

She turned and went back to her chair, waiting with stirring pulses for the door-bell to ring. It sounded imperatively, almost on the instant, and Rogers came in, a moment later, and handed her a card.

"Mr. J. Hardiman Pierce."

She read the name with crimsoning cheeks. Jack! After four years!

She rose and went forward with outstretched hand as the footman ushered him into the drawing-room.

Pierce clasped her fingers eagerly, open admiration stamped on every feature.

"Patty!" he exclaimed, "how you've changed. And yet—yet you haven't." The last was added thoughtfully, as his eyes still lingered on her matchless face.

Four years ago he had said good-bye to Patricia Wellington in this very room and gone forth to win fame and wealth that he might lay them at the feet of his lady-love. Then, she was an unformed girl of 18—pretty in a fresh, school-girl way—but giving scant promise of this exquisite creature before him.

There was something new, something different—something delightful about it all; this home-coming he had anticipated with such shrinking spirits.

"Poor little Patty," he had mused on his journey across the sea, "you must never know that it is but the remnant of a heart I am bringing back to you. In your trust and love, you must never suspect what a cad I've been!" His words came back to him now, mockingly. He laughed to himself as he sat talking to beautiful Patricia Wellington.

"When did you reach port?" she was asking, "and whom have you seen?"

"Not a soul," he replied, answering her last question first. "I arrived this afternoon at three; I came on here as fast as electricity could bring me." His look finished the impression he wished to convey.

Patricia laughed softly. Jack was still the same old Jack when it came to saying pretty things. She told him so.

Pierce stared at her curiously. Her manner puzzled him a trifle. It seemed so—impersonal.

"I thought I would give you a sort of surprise," he remarked, presently, "or I should have telegraphed."

"A very pleasant surprise," she said with a bright smile.

"I'm glad you call it pleasant. I—"

He broke off, for the first time in his life at a loss for words.

"Did you like it—abroad?" she filled in tactfully.

The blood flow to Pierce's face in a scarlet tide. He wondered vaguely if she were not probing his secret with those keen eyes of hers.

"I found everything interesting and, oftentimes, delightful," he replied, "but it can't quite come up to—the Stars and Stripes, anywhere."

"The girls—did you like them over there?" she asked next. Jealousy! She did care then, still! She had been faithful throughout, and he—! His thoughts flashed over the sea to the dainty, dimpled face of Katrina; her tear-dimmed eyes and trembling lips he had kissed good-bye that day down on the pier, promising to be true!

"I did not have much time for cultivating the aesthetic side of life," he answered her after a bit, "although there were lots of nice ones, I suppose."

He glanced about the room with a critical eye; things must have improved financially in the Wellington household, he reflected, since they parted. His youthful affair with Patricia seemed as real to him as yesterday. The face of Katrina grew dim.

"When a man is in love," he began, boldly, after a pause.

"Oh, love!" Patricia laughed a little oddly and looked off.

"In all those years," he pursued, "you did not write."

"Nor you," she laughed under his accusing scrutiny.

Pierce regarded her sulkily a moment, though he forced a smile to cover it. Her unconcern irritated him inexplicably. She had loved him very deeply; he knew that, he told himself. She had given him her promise. Why then, was she so difficult to interest as he wished?

"A penny for your thoughts," she chided him presently.

"I was just wondering—" "Yes?"

"Oh, if you'd—forgotten, that's all." "Old friends?" Certainly not. Do you think me a fickle thing like that, Jack?" Her face broke into one of its wonderful smiles. After awhile, she clasped her hands at the back of her head, laughing merrily in the old way that he remembered so well. The sound of it set all his nerves quiver.

Patricia wearing out her life waiting and pining for him while he permitted another woman's face to enshrine his heart, was very different from Patricia throwing his protestations and advances back into his teeth in this flippant, ignoring fashion. A new light gleamed on the situation. He had come home for the express purpose of acting the part of an honorable gentleman—of sacrificing his dearest hopes on the altar of grim duty—of rewarding her faithful heart at last. It seemed, now, however, that he had come to find that life held but one possibility of perfect happiness for him—Patricia!

She loved him, of course, but with characteristic coquetry, was determined to play with him a little before the final capitulation.

He looked earnestly into her flushed face. Her beauty intoxicated him hopelessly. The words rushed to his lips vehemently:

"Darling!" he began, going toward her with outstretched arms, "I—"

Footsteps sounded along the polished corridor; the next instant, the door-knob turned.

Pierce muttered something unrecordable under his breath.

"It's just Billy," explained Patricia with an inscrutable little smile, "Billy is my husband, you know."

COPPER AND TYPHOID.

Former Thought to Be Destructive of Germs.

It is now believed that copper is extremely destructive to typhoid and other disease germs. The experiment station record thus summarizes an article by H. Kraemer in the American Journal of Pharmacy:

On the basis of his own investigations and those of others the author recommends the use of small amounts of copper for the destruction of typhoid organisms in water, and states that he has obtained very satisfactory results by placing a piece of very carefully cleaned copper foil nine inches square in a vessel holding three or four quarts of water and allowing it to remain for from four to eight hours. If the water contains a large amount of sediment, it is desirable to filter before treating with the copper foil. Such water has been used for over six months without any noticeable ill effects.

Believing that vegetables may be a source of typhoid infection, the author recommends washing those which are to be eaten raw in copper treated water, or placing them, especially lettuce and celery, in a vessel of water with a strip of copper foil and allowing them to remain from two to four hours with occasional agitation. The use of copper vessels would be of course more convenient, but it would be also more expensive. Some of the author's general conclusions follow:

"While exceedingly minute quantities of copper in solution are toxic to certain unicellular organisms, as bacteria, it is safe to assume that the higher plants and animals, including man, are unaffected by solutions containing the same or even larger amounts of copper. There being a number of factors which tend to eliminate copper from its solutions, it is hardly likely that there would be any copper in solution by the time the water from a reservoir reached the consumer, if the treatment of the reservoir were in competent hands. Many plants contain relatively large quantities of copper, and when these are used as food some of the copper is taken up by the animal organism, but there are no records of any ill effects from copper so consumed."

Leaving Security.

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MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1907

THE PASSING OF DOWIE

It is not likely that the passing of John Alexander Dowie will receive more than passing notice. The world is very busy in these latter days and it is a melancholy fact that few men are long remembered after they have left the scene of action. Yet Dowie's history is absorbingly interesting and the story of his life is one of the most remarkable that could be printed.

Many people of deeply religious turn of mind have quoted Dowie to prove the Biblical statement that in the last days false prophets would arise and lead the people astray. It is not for us to say that this summary of Dowie's career is incorrect, for it is a bit strange that in this particular day and generation so many religious leaders, of whom the man who died on Saturday was undoubtedly the chief, should step upon the world's stage and attract thousands of people in a time when the increase in education and general intelligence should make the fantastic in religion appeal less strongly to the minds of men.

It is probably true that Dowie was in the beginning sincere. In fact, it might not be fair to say that he was ever really insincere. That he was intoxicated by his own power over his fellow beings and selfishly ambitious few will deny, but it hardly seems possible that a man who did not believe in himself could have done what he did.

Dowie's great mistake was his invasion of New York. He met there a people that he could not influence. The hypnotic powers which some writers have claimed he possessed failed to influence the sophisticated New Yorkers and his denunciations did not frighten them as they had frightened others. He had been ridiculed by the newspapers elsewhere, but in New York his hearers ridiculed him, too, and for the first time in his life he actually failed.

After that, Dowie's power and influence declined rapidly and he died with but a few hundred faithful followers, where he had once had thousands. Those who have closely followed his career say that he did much good and it is this that we should remember of him. We may be convinced that he was a false prophet, and his claim of being a reincarnation of Elijah may impress as absurd, but the evil that he did will hardly long survive him, while some of the good may endure.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

I know a man who says he'd like The Winter, on the whole, if it were not for the fact he has to buy his coal.

Beveridge for president? What's yours?

Just now the sick appear to be in a very large minority.

The German emperor reminds us of some of our old fractional currency.

ills. The thirty-cent ones? Sh! That's less majesty.

None of the Presidential bees appears to be a drone.

No wonder Harriman wants a rest. We feared it was the rest he wanted.

Any cases of "rain-storm" come under your observation lately? Yes?

Instead of a Teddy bear, how'd you like to have a little Archie bear?

Senator Spooner has resigned, but there are others we'd rather see go first.

The New Hampshire grasshoppers have come out early, if reports are to be credited.

Politicians likely to be driven to the tall timber should take notice of the big forest reserves.

The voting machine will be legislated out of New Jersey. Machine politics should go next.

A census should be taken of the presidential bees. No doubt it would result in some surprises.

The Kaiser says there's trouble wherever he travels. Must have railways about like our own, Bill.

Willis J. Abbott says Fairbanks is really a warm presidential proposition. We've heard a number remark: "He's a hot one"

OUR EXCHANGES

The Sun Dial

They say it is a sun dial, A kind of clock, you know, And all the great ones used them A hundred years ago. They talk and talk in funny ways— I know it is not so.

For written where the shadow Falls, on the broken side, Is just a little gravestone name— I wonder if they cried, And if it broke his mother's heart When Tempus Fugit died? —Elsie Casselgne King in Metropolitan Magazine, March number.

Portsmouth's Goods

A steamer captain says that the harbor of Stockton Springs is less troubled with ice this winter than any other on the New England coast. He must have forgotten Portsmouth, which is certainly entitled to the prize for open harbors during this and other cold winters.—Old York Transcript.

For Harvard Gentlemen, Evidently Dr. Charles W. Elliot, president of Harvard University, declared football an undesirable game for gentlemen.—Dover Democrat.

Boston's Disappointment

"Salome" isn't coming to Boston after all, but it may be well to note in this connection that the failure is not because Boston wasn't ready and willing, and anxious to have the test made.—Biddeford Journal.

Thinks They Don't Know, Perhaps We doubt, however, if Mary Baker Eddy consults the New York papers mornings to see how she feels.—Portland Express.

And Blast Rocks

Panama will now make the acquaintance of the old reliable government engineers, who say nothing and dig dirt.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another Fond Hope Blasted

Now Rockefeller says he is not planning any great gift for the public. How disappointing.—Newburyport Herald.

York expects to have a big fleet of gasoline boats next summer.

A MURDER CASE

Of Army Interest Is To Come Up Before U. S. Supreme Court This Week

Washington, March 11—Army circles are greatly interested in a case to come before the United States Supreme Court this week, when that tribunal will be asked to set aside a verdict of the supreme court of the Philippines, wherein the action of a minor court, sentencing a private soldier, Homer Grafton, to twelve years in the penitentiary, was upheld by the supreme court of the islands. The case is a peculiar one and involves many legal points.

Homer Grafton, a private in Company G of the Twelfth United States Infantry, was, on July 24, 1904, doing sentry duty in the little village of Santo Rosario, Ilo Ilo, P. I. It was Sunday and the natives of the islands had been departing all day, leaving only the men at home. The small company of soldiers in charge of the village were a little nervous, and Private Grafton loaded his rifle and kept his eyes open.

Towards evening he noticed two Filipinos slouching towards him in a suspicious manner and saw one of them draw a large bolo knife and slip it up his sleeve. Grafton, not desiring to have any trouble with them, crossed the street and the two men also crossed over so as to meet him. The soldier waited until the two men were very close to him, when he claims he saw the man with the knife make a motion which warranted immediate action so he raised his rifle and fired, killing the man with the knife, and quickly reloading his gun, he fired and wounded the other man.

The shooting caused trouble among the natives, who demanded the life of the soldier. Judge McCabe, of the court of first instance, refused to handle the case, stating that it was strictly a military case and out of his jurisdiction. A court-martial was accordingly convened and a board of army officers found Grafton not guilty of murder and he was freed from arrest.

The natives were not satisfied and the matter assumed political significance among the islanders and civil appointees and Judge Henry C. Bates and a justice of the peace named Ross, together with some natives, got up a complaint accusing the soldier of assassination. The case was tried before Judge Bates and Capt. Carance Nettles of the United States army defended the soldier. He challenged the jurisdiction of the court and insisted on a trial by jury and was overruled in both. Every white witness was for the soldier and the only witnesses against him were two natives who, according to testimony taken previously, had denied any knowledge of the facts in the case. Grafton was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. It was argued that the native with the bolo was using it to clean his finger nails.

The case was carried to the supreme court of the Philippines and was upheld by a bare majority. The testimony taken by the army makes a volume of several hundred pages. Major Boughton, chief of the law department of the general service and staff college at Fort Leavenworth, has taken a deep interest in the case and with the assistance of others has raised funds with which to prosecute the case in the Supreme Court of the United States.

GRANTED A DIVORCE

Mrs. Frank H. Manning has been

granted a divorce from her husband on the ground of extreme cruelty.

FEUD TRIAL

Interesting Case Before The Courts In Kentucky

Lexington, Ky., March 11—That section of Kentucky long known as the "feud district" has been the scene during the past week of a trial the result of which is awaited with a lively interest. In the little court-house at Jackson, Judge James Hargis, notorious as the Breathitt county feud leader, is being tried for the alleged assassination of Dr. B. D. Cox. Back of the case lies one of the most bitter feuds ever known in Kentucky, and in which virtually every one in the county is involved directly or indirectly.

Dr. B. D. Cox was assassinated in April, 1902, as he was passing the Hargis residence in Jackson, to visit his child, who was ill. The fatal shots were fired from a shed belonging to Judge James Hargis. Judge Hargis and Sheriff Ed. Callahan were charged with the assassination. Last June Asbury Spicer, a noted feudist, made a confession in which he swore that Judge Hargis and Ed. Callahan had employed John Smith, John Abner and himself to murder Dr. Cox. He said that after waiting every night for a week for Cox to pass the shed, Spicer, a brother of the judge, one night signaled to Smith, Abner and himself that Cox was coming. Spicer swore that he dozed, and was awakened by the crack of a gun. He looked up and saw that Smith had just fired, and Abner was in the act of shooting Cox, who lay on the ground, gasping. When Cox was dead, Spicer, Smith and Abner went into Judge Hargis's yard, where Judge James and Senator Alex. Hargis and Ed. Callahan awaited them. Judge Hargis commended them for killing Cox. Spicer's confession was corroborated in full last January, when John Smith also made a confession, telling the same story as that of Spicer, saying, however, that he had not fired at Cox.

Hargis and Callahan were likewise accused of complicity in the assassination of James B. Marcum at Jackson, on May 4, 1903. They were tried for the crime and acquitted, Smith and Abner, with B. Fulton, another noted feud leader, are to stand trial for the crime at the June term of court.

WEEK'S SPORTING CALENDAR

Monday

Opening of Florida East Coast golf tournament at Palm Beach, Fla.
At Chicago, George Sutton vs. Jacob Schaefer, for world's 18.1 billiard championship.

Rouse O'Brien vs. Matty Baldwin, fifteen rounds, at Thornton, R. I.

Tuesday

Annual indoor games of New York Athletic Club at New York.

Wednesday

Opening of second annual automobile show at Omaha, Neb., to continue three days.

Indoor championship meet of Central A. A. U. at Seventh Regiment Armory, Chicago.

A. A. U. basketball championships of Iowa at Muscatine, Iowa.

Thursday

Shooting tournament for Illinois state championship at Chicago Associated Gun Club.

Friday

Dual indoor meet of Kansas and Missouri state universities at Kansas City.

Saturday

Annual Oxford-Cambridge boat race on the Thames river course, England.

Indoor relay carnival at University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Opening of annual meeting and tournament of the American Bowling Congress, at St. Louis.

FIRE LAST EVENING

Deserted Farm House At York Destroyed By Flames

The deserted farmhouse of George H. Young at Seltun, York, was destroyed by fire on Sunday evening. The loss will be small.

The glare of the flames was plainly seen from this city.

OSAGE INDIAN LANDS

Oklahoma City, Okla., March 11.—The second drawing of the allotment of the Osage Indian lands will be commenced today; the method being the same as that followed at the first drawing, namely, by the aid of a wheel and numbers on the general plan of a lottery drawing. Each Indian is entitled to about 700 acres of land, to be selected by him in three separate drawings in order that they may share equally in the

SIGNIFICANT QUOTATION

Published By The Boston Record On Eddy Case

The Boston Record of March 9 published the following significant quotation:

The collapse of the gigantic and grotesque Eddyite myth is evidently close at hand, and of an ignoble sort. This does not mean mind-healing, nor even Christian Science. But the myth itself has grown up with all the attendant conditions of blind credulity on one side, and self-conceit on the other.

A feeble old woman who in her way has achieved the Harriman sort of "success," and perhaps has done, on the whole, more good than harm, is entitled to some pity in her feebleness of mind and body.

But the crowd who have stood about her for many years, fostering the myth, and keeping her far away from her, deserve neither pity nor forgiveness.—F. B. Sanborn, the Concord philosopher.

FUNERAL OF DR. LOTHROP

The funeral of Dr. J. B. Lothrop was held on Saturday afternoon from the residence of Charles J. Morrill in Dover. The honorary bearers were former Mayor B. Frank Nealey, Col. Daniel Hall, Eliza R. Brown and John T. W. Ham. The pallbearers were Charles Farnham, William E. Reed, Charles E. Wendell and Frank S. Hurd, all connected with the Lothrop stores. The officiating clergymen were Dr. George E. Hall, pastor of the First Congregational Church, and Rev. A. J. Northrop, pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church. A large number of prominent citizens attended the funeral.

Thomas E. Call & Son

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Eastern and Western

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SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, ETC.,

For Cash at Lowest Market Prices.

Market Street, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Decorations for Weddings

Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.

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HOTEL ST. DENIS

BROADWAY AND 11TH STREET NEW YORK CITY.

Within Easy Access of Every Point of Interest. 14th Street from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 minutes' walk of Shopping District.

NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Comfortable Apartments, Courteous Service and Homelike Surroundings.

ROOMS \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Table d'Hôte Breakfast 50c.

WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.

HOTEL MARTINIQUE, Broadway & 33rd Street.

REVERE HOUSE

BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

Under new management.

Single rooms with use of bath, \$1.00

Rooms with bath, \$1.50.

Suites of large parlor, chamber and private bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Headquarters for Frank Jones' Ale and Urol live lobster.

R. S. Harrison, Proprietor.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Opposite Grand Central Station NEW YORK CITY.

Rooms \$1 a day and upward

Ruggage to and from city free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

LOST—A lady's watch, open-faced, Waltham make, gold case, with monogram on back. Finder please notify Mrs. A. H. Hewitt, 22 Highland street. cm81f

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply at 5 Richards Ave. chmar61f

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 Beach lots. Parties leaving town offer them at a sacrifice. C. E. Trafton, Real Estate Agent. mar11f

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. cha15f

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle or all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office.

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7hc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. cha15f

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. cha15f

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. cha15f

AN Attractive Contract

The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a \$500,000 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth \$7,500.00 and at same time insures the Beneficiary for \$500.00 while travelling, weekly in demerit which would be paid to the insured under the double benefit is \$500.00 a week; not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only \$25.00. The Travellers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

This Co. also writes Health and Liability Insurance.

C. E. TRAFTON

DISTRICT AGENT.

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GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

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PROFESSIONAL CARD

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Office Hours—Until 9 A. M.; 1 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

J. W. BARRETT,

Plumbing and Heating.

Telephone Connection.

NO. 17 BOW ST.

George A. Jackson

CARPENTER

—AND—

BUILDER,

No. 6 Dearborn Street

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Boston Tavern.

Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.

Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington S

STRICTLY FIREPROOF.

European Plan.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.



STRICTLY FIREPROOF.

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PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

Granite State Fire Insurance Co

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital,

\$200,000

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Says a Leading American Author.

What is excellent?

PUTTER made at

ELIOT, MAINE.

CREAM that contains no

poisonous preservative.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON

Blacksmith and Export Horse

Shoe.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY

NO 118 MARKET ST

A new hat at this season

will bright up your personal appearance more than any other one article of apparel, and besides its about the only change it is safe to make just at present. Is yours showing the effect of the long winter's campaign? The new styles of Spring are here.

HENRY PEYSER & SON,

"Selling the Togs of the Period."

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Wide Range of Subjects

On Wednesday afternoon and evening at Music Hall, the Archie L. Shepard Moving Picture Company will give one of its popular high class entertainments, the tremendous success of which as a means of amusement has proven beyond a doubt the wisdom of the management in the

representing Abigail Prue, the character which has made him famous and in the production of "The County Fair" at Music Hall next Thursday evening, Mr. Burgess will appear personally in his well known character. The play will never grow old as long as Mr. Burgess is alive. It is only such plain, homely dramas as "The County Fair," "The Old Home-Steid" and "Shore Acres" that we

that this musical comedy established a reputation sufficient to guarantee full houses at this engagement. The company and effects are the same as before, except that two new songs have been added and there have been some minor changes for the two comedians. If "The Isle of Spice" was only somewhere near and convenient to this city, it is a safe gamble that the entire masculine element of this town would plan to spend its vacation there, for the population of this "merry isle" is composed mainly of maidens of grace and beauty, pleasing in voice, as well as in looks, and with a variety of unique and original dances at their command. They are numerous in number and gorgeously garbed, making a strong aggregation of feminine beauty and talent, itself sufficient to make "The Isle of Spice" an unqualified success.

NURSES MEET IN CONCORD

The New Hampshire Association of Nurses held an important meeting this morning in the chapel of the State Hospital. The meeting was one of especial interest because at this time the association nominated ten members to be candidates from which an examining board will be appointed to consist of five members and a regent. The Governor signed the nurses' registration bill last week, and this measure provides for the establishment of a board of examiners in the manner suggested above.

NEWS FOR SPORT LOVERS

New Hampshire College defeated the Harvard Second basketball team at Durham on Saturday evening, forty-six to eleven.

By defeating Wesleyan on Saturday evening, Williams won the championship of the New England Inter-collegiate Basketball League. The result was a great disappointment to Dartmouth supporters, for up to a week ago the Hanoverians were regarded as sure winners. The slump of last week, however, killed their chances. Williams and Yale will now probably play for the championship, Yale taking first place in her league by easily beating Harvard.

The battery candidates for the High School baseball team will begin practice this week in the basement of the school building. A cage will be erected and there will be batting practice, also.

Freddy Parent has evidently learned that the management of the Boston Americans will not beg him to play, and he has receded from his uncompromising position.

The New England League baseball schedule will be arranged at a meeting to be held on April 5.

Mordecai Brown, the great pitcher of the Chicago Nationals, is to receive a salary of \$4,500 this year.

The scope of the Southeastern New Hampshire Interscholastic League has been widened, and this year it will govern football as well as baseball.

Something must be radically wrong with the Dartmouth basketball team, which won twelve straight games and then lost four out of five in a single week.

The intermediate gymnasium class of the Young Men's Christian Association has been increasing rapidly in membership and there are several promising young athletes among the boys.

If a good catcher can be developed, the baseball team of Portsmouth High School should win the interscholastic championship this year. Matthews, Jenness and Vasson are the only members of the 1906 squad who left school last June.

A number of baseball players are looking for jobs in the New Hampshire League.

Doubt is expressed if the fast young diamond artists who represented York Beach last season will return to that resort this year.

NOTICE

The firm known as Hersey and Corcoran, hairdressing rooms, has, by mutual consent, dissolved partnership. Mr. Hersey having sold his interest to Mr. Corcoran. The shop has been remodelled and is now one of the finest and most up-to-date barber shops in the city. Mr. Corcoran has secured the services of Mr. Brooks of Pittsburgh and Mr. Anderson of Boston, who are practical workmen. He wishes to thank the public for its generous patronage in the past and he will continue to give first class service.

P. D. CORCORAN,

Room 29, Congress street.

BOY RECEIVES INJURY

John McCarthy, a lad living on Cabot street, met with a painful acci-

dent Saturday noon. The lad was standing in a delivery wagon at the corner of Miller avenue and Middle street when the horse started to turn around, the wagon striking a standing electric car. The shock threw the boy out onto the ice. He was picked up by the car crew and taken to the office of the street railway in Congress block. Dr. John J. Berry was summoned and found that the lad had sustained a bad sprain of the hip.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Good Bout Tonight

Providence, R. I., March 11.—The bout between Rouse O'Brien and Matty Baldwin takes place at Thornton tonight and promises to be one of the fastest of the season. O'Brien showed up so well against "Kid" Goodman recently that many competent ring critics are backing him to defeat Baldwin. A large crowd that will include many sporting men from out of town is expected at the ring-side.

Machinists to Make Demands

Pittsburg, Pa., March 11.—Delegates representing the machinists' unions of western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio will assemble in conference at Hotel Griswold today in response to a call recently issued by the district council of the International Association of Machinists. The purpose of the conference, as set forth in the call, is merely to play plans for a closer organization of the craft. It is believed, however, that in reality this is but a step preliminary to a general demand to be made by the machinists for increased pay and better working conditions after May 1. The local machinists already have decided to present an ultimatum to employers for a minimum rate of forty cents an hour and a 50-hour week and it is probable that the example will be followed by the locals throughout this section.

OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE

Fast Day Again

To the Editor of The Herald:—There is about to be introduced in the Maine Legislature a bill to abolish Fast day and in its place to establish "Margaretta day" in honor of the victory in Machias Bay by the Americans in the first naval battle of the American Revolution on June 12, 1776. The bill pleads for a recognition of a purely Maine event. On the same dates, New Hampshire should adopt the 24th day of April as "Ranger day" in honor of the first naval victory under the Stars and Stripes, in place of Fast day. This would be a compliment to the American navy.

IN SECOND DIVISION

Division 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, of this city has been assigned a place in the second division of the great St. Patrick's day parade at Manchester next Saturday.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the gums, plays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the food and drug act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

Queer Idea of a Joke

It is alleged that an English gentleman once told of a great joke he played on a friend. He was coming along the street with some companions and he discovered his friend's house on fire, with his friend in the third story window shouting for help. "Jump!" he cried. "Jump! We'll old a blanket for you." "What was the joke?" the hearer asked. "Why," the Englishman replied, "we had no blanket at all."

Each Man's Duty

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

Valencia Fete Day Costume

In Valencia, on the fete days, the little girls have their hair dressed just exactly like that of their older sisters, having the front locks parted and coiled up into a wheel at each temple, and the back hair elaborately arranged from the nape of the neck to a few inches above the head, the coiffure being held secure by fancy pins.

Women Alternatives

Some women frankly admit that they hate pandering to the bumptious youth of the day, but that if they snub him, as he frequently deserves to be snubbed, they get left without partners at dances or any one to talk to at "teas," which is only another proof of the fact that man and not woman dictates to society in England.—Ladies Field.

In the Name of Sense,
that good common sense
of which all of us have a
share, how can you continue
to buy ordinary soda crackers,
stale and dusty as they must
be, when for 5¢ you can get

Uneda Biscuit

fresh from the oven, protected
from dirt by a package the
very beauty of which makes
you hungry.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Extra Good Clothes for Boys.



It's well to stop occasionally and consider just what ordinary boys' clothing, as contrasted with EXTRA GOOD, represents and is.

From beginning to end extra good clothes are made to give the utmost wear and satisfaction.

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago, are makers of extra good. We are selling agents.

Full Line of Spring Hats Ready for Inspection.

Keith's Konqueror Shoe, one of the Leaders, of which we are Sole Agents, can be seen in our stock.

Also Herrick's New Shoe for Women.

N.H. Beane & Co.
No. 3 Congress St.

FORMERLY FAY STORE.

AMES'

BUTTER & TEA STORE

35 Congress St., Portsmouth.

**BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS,
TEA AND COFFEE
AT LOWEST PRICES.**

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

NEIL BURGESS AND HIS "COUNTY FAIR"



choice of these shows. The wide range of subjects and the excellent discrimination in selection is an assurance that patrons will be properly entertained. A program that is pleasing to all will hold one special feature for the children. There will be a bargain ladies' and children's matinee at 2.30.

An Unqualified Success

"The Isle of Spice" will return to Music Hall next Saturday afternoon and evening. It will be remembered and

The meeting was called to order at half-past ten o'clock.

CONSTRUCTION CREW AT WORK

The Western Union Telegraph construction crew has reached North Berwick in the work of rewiring and putting up new poles, starting east from Portsmouth. Today (Monday) the crew began at Salisbury, Mass., and will work east to this city.



Isle of Spice.

A New Hotel at the Old Stand

\$250,000 has not been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing,
and Redecorating the

HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.

Restaurant and Service Unexcelled

Splendid Location

Most Modern Improvements

All surface cars pass or transfer to door

Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes

Hotel fronting on three streets

Electric Clocks, Telephones and Automatic Lighting Devices in every room

Moderate Rates

MUSIC

W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor

Send for guide of New York—Free

HOUSEWORK AND HEALTH.

More Accomplished and Better Results Generally—Busy Worker Takes a Daily Rest.

Let us then be reasonable in our indulgence in both home work and physical culture, remembering always that while it is well within our power to overwork, to break down, to destroy our physical health and even life itself, it may be beyond our power or the power of the most skilled specialist to build up and restore. Keeping this in mind, let us so work and play, rest and study, as to develop mind and body in perfect harmony.

Poor, tired, overworked mother, do you complain that you "simply cannot rest—you have no time?" Believe me, you have time if you will but think so—will it to be so—and make it so. Often the most busy people find the most time for rest, and they not only accomplish more work in a day than their neighbors do, but have a chance to snatch a quiet rest besides and frequently indulge in a bit of play of an evening, for we "grown ups" need a "play-time" as badly as our children.

Everything depends more or less upon system, and if you systematize your home work as your husband does his business you will be surprised to find how much more time you will have to set aside for your own—all yours for rest and recreation.

Now, as to housework being hard on you, it need not be if you will let yourself grow fond of it and then refuse to overdo.

It need not tire you if you can but learn to move more quickly and with the assurance of every movement meaning something gained, every step counting for something done. Indeed, believe me, it is the weary, half-hearted, lagging step that wears upon body, brain and nerves; that causes the feet to ache, the legs to swell, and the tired arms to feel like lead by bed time.

The spirit in which one attacks a piece of work counts for much. Will you not start yours to-morrow with a twice glad heart? Glad that you are able to work, and glad that there is work for you to do.

When you move from dining-room to kitchen, walk with a firm, elastic tread (not jarring the spine and creating headache, backache and nerve strain by walking on the heels). Practice the easy, erect carriage as you go singing about your work, and then almost every move you make will count as a step toward a better physical condition.

When you stand to wash your dishes or make your bread, keep the spine erect, bending forward from the hips. Instead of curving the spine and cramping the circulation in the whole abdominal cavity; for you will thus avoid not only many backaches, but indigestion, and often constipation as well, by insuring good breathing facilities while you work.

The standing during work hours is excellent exercise for the throat and lungs, and whistling will, if practiced in tend to fill the ugly hollows to the right and left of the base of the throat—those deep holes over the collarbones—for whistling is fine exercise for the apices of the lungs, and hence I advise it as a good gymnastic exercise for women.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A few drops of elder vinegar rubbed into the hands after washing clothes will keep them smooth and take away the spongy feeling they always have after being in water for a good while.

Coffee and tea stains, if rubbed with butter and afterwards washed in hot soapsuds, will come out, leaving the table linen quite white and fresh.

Custard puddings baked in the oven, and other puddings of a custardlike consistency, are made unusually attractive if the tops are lightly sprinkled with sugar and then glazed by passing over them a red-hot shovel.

If a gas stove is used, the pudding can be placed under the flames of the roller. In about two minutes or less the sugary top will be well glazed, and it will save the trouble of heating a shovel.

Did it ever occur to anyone that the shapen of the old-fashioned bean-butter could be utilized to "bake" Boston baked beans, Indian pudding, or any other dish requiring long, slow cooking? The ashes could be emptied, of course, and the food has to be carefully covered so that ashes from above shall not drop into the baking dish.

Never use the frying pan if it can be avoided. Not only are sweet potatoes better if broiled, but ham has a crispness and pliancy which frying ever gives it. Of course, all good housewives know that steaks and chops are better broiled, but they do not know what a superior way of cooking it is for other foods. For instance, it adds a new and superioravor to pork chops.

One noticed in the toilet room of a car recently little towels 11 inches square at the most. It occurred to her to wonder why similar small towels were not in use in kitchen and bathroom. They are easy to launder, cheap to buy, and answer many purposes better than large towels.

If a lamp should be overturned, do not attempt to put out the flame with water, for it will simply spread it. Instead, throw down floor, spread garden earth or salt, any of which will have the desired effect.

If the upper inside edge of the pan is well greased with butter, chocolate, milk, cocoa, or anything of the kind will never boil over.—Boston Budget and Beacon.

On Ironing Day.

For ironing days a fire of cinders is better than fresh coal.

ABOUT BREADMAKING.

The Old-Fashioned Salt-Rising and Recipes for Light Bread, Rye and Indian.

Salt-rising bread, once so popular, appears but seldom on the tables in the present day. It is usually referred to as an interesting illustration of "self-raised" bread. It is really an example of one of the products of "wild yeast," or the yeast that is present in the atmosphere, because the substance which renders the bread light and porous acquires from the air certain ferments that produce the leavening power. The day before the bread is needed, half fill a cup with milk and warm water, add half as much baking soda as will lie on a dime and half as much salt as soda. Stir in enough whole wheat or graham flour to make a thick batter. Keep warm, but do not scald. It should be light by morning. Then take one and a half tablespoonsful of "risings" and add this to the water with which your sponge is made. Stir in a small pinch of salt, the same of soda, and thicken with flour. It should be light in an hour or a little longer. Then proceed as with other bread. The above "risings" will serve for four loaves of bread.

For an invariably good light bread made from hop yeast measure four and one-half even full pint cups of sifted flour into the bread bowl, make a well in the center and turn into it one pint cupful of warm water, one-half pint cupful of warm milk, one-half pint cupful of good yeast made from hops and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat all well together until smooth and bubbly, let it rise until a mass of bubbles throughout, then knead it with all the strength you can command, letting the pressure come from the shoulders to the wrists, using the fingers mostly to help turn the dough. Work in enough more flour to keep it from sticking to the hands and board. In about 20 minutes blisters should begin to show on the surface, then put it back in the bowl, rub over the top of the dough lightly with butter, cover it from draughts and let it rise until it becomes honeycombed throughout. Now work it down into loaves to half fill small bread pans, let it rise until even full and bake in a steady oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Rye and Indian meal if baked long enough makes a very good bread for a change. Scald two cupfuls of Indian meal with a cupful of boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt. When it becomes lukewarm mix in two cupfuls of rye flour (not rye meal) and a cupful of home-made yeast. Knead it and let it rise twice, as if it were white bread, then bake it for two hours in a moderate oven. Protect the bottom of the pan by inverting a pan under it the last hour, and wrap the bread in a clean cloth to soften the crust when it comes from the oven. The top crust may be protected by a pan of cool water placed on the upper shelf of the oven if it seems to be getting too brown in the baking.—Farmers' Review.

The train from Chicago was pulling into the station and there was the usual turmoil and confusion in changing cars; the train on the Northern Cross was standing on the main track, ready to pull out on schedule time; Van Netta was just coming from the opposite side of his engine, odd in hand, when Conductor Goodrich called, "All aboard!" and gave the signal with his lantern to leave. As Joe stepped into the cab, some one touched him on the shoulder and greeted him with a familiar voice. He turned around and confronted his youngest brother, who had just arrived from the east. He was speechless, and it was a minute before he was convinced it was not an apparition; he pulled the throttle and the train was in motion; it was ten miles to Abingdon, the first stop, and quietly turning to his brother he said: "When we got to Abingdon, you get off and take a seat in the rear coach." The young man pleaded and begged the privilege of riding to Quincy with his brother on the engine, but Joe would listen to no arbitration; his will was absolute, and when the stop was made at Abingdon Henry was sent to the rear coach.

THE FADS IN BOAS.

A Few Notes on Fashions and Different Materials Pressed Into Service for Fancy Boas.

The feather boa was never as nice as it is now. It comes at all prices, and you can get a lovely one for about \$30. Of course you can get a pretty good one for a great deal less. Or, if you want to go high, you can pay as much as \$100.

There are boa fads as well as bon conventionalities, and one of the fads is for the fancy boa in several shades of Alice blue to match an Alice blue gown. It should be big and fluffy and thrown around the neck in careless fashion. It can be fastened with a little gold clasp and chain. There must be a big fluffy muff to match, and the muff should be flat and all trimmed with frills.

The boa materials are small silk flowers which are mixed with tiny ribbon loops; silk mousseline, which is ruffled, and made into a great fluffy ruff; chiffon and gauze, which are mixed together and puffed upon a stiff foundation; and taffeta, which makes a charming boa. There are many fancy materials which are impressed into the service, and one can find countless pretty stuffs which will help in the boa scheme.

The sleeve that is puffed at the shoulder is a very important thing this season, for it ranks very high in the dress scheme. Below the shoulder it becomes tight fitting. It is cut off just below the elbow and is finished with lace. The lace is put on in the shape of a deep ruffle, with a puffing above the ruffle.—Buffalo Eagle.

Cold Meat Croquettes.

Take any cold, fresh meat, with enough cold ham to flavor the meat, chop together very fine; add half as much rolled cracker, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and prepared mustard to taste; a little lump of butter, and a teaspoonful of catsup; mix well together; make into cakes, dip into beaten yolk of egg, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in a little lard to a nice brown.

To Clean Enamel Ware.

Enamel ware that has been burned or discolored may be cleaned by applying a paste made of coarse salt and vinegar. A little vigorous rubbing will remove the ugly marks.

Use Kerosene.

Kerosene oil may be used with very satisfactory results in taking out wagon grease or tar spots if used while the grease is fresh. Then wash out in cold soft water, using no soap.

HIS VISION FULFILLED

It was way back in the '50s, when railroading was much more primitive than it is to-day, that a prescient event happened to Engineer Joe Van Netta, of the Northern Cross, now the Quincy branch of the Burlington system. Trains in those days were not designated by numbers, neither were the engines; conductors, engineers and brakemen were, furnished time cards showing where "passenger train south" would meet "passenger train north," which had the right of way and which would take the "switch." Engines were named after animals, counties and towns. Who that lived on the line of the "Q" in the '50s and is alive to-day is not familiar with the "Black Bear" and the "Polar Bear?" and on the Northern Cross with the "Fulton," the "Knox," the "McDonough," the "Quincy," the "Plymouth," "Augusta" and "Macomb?" Who has forgotten the phlegmatic Cady that pulled the throttle of the "Plymouth" and when the bridge over Crooked creek was washed away by the heavy spring rains of '58 offered to jump the "d-d breach" if they would give him Colmar for a starting point.

It was in the spring of '58 that a new train was scheduled to leave Galesburg at 2:30 a. m. and arrive in Quincy at 5:50 a. m., stopping only at Abingdon, Macomb and Augusta; it was a run of 100 miles, and 30 miles an hour then seemed faster than 70 does to-day.

The night in question was portentous of evil; the rain was pouring in torrents, and the inky blackness of the night only made the headlight shine with greater brilliancy, the thunder was muffled at times, like the roar of an angry animal, the lightnings flashed at frequent intervals and were blinding in effect.

It was Van Netta's "run," and he left a call for 1:45 and went to his room about nine o'clock, thinking to get as much sleep as the few hours would allow. After tossing restlessly for some time he fell into a disturbed slumber; how long he slept was uncertain; he awoke with a start and feelings terribly agitated. He had had a vision of an accident, in which his youngest brother was horribly mangled; he tried to dispel the fear, but it was useless; he got up and dressed, looked at his watch and saw it was 12:30, too near his call to go back to bed, and started for his train; reaching the depot, he told his strange dream, or vision, and said: "If it was not endangering another's life I would not go out on my run."

The train from Chicago was pulling into the station and there was the usual turmoil and confusion in changing cars; the train on the Northern Cross was standing on the main track, ready to pull out on schedule time; Van Netta was just coming from the opposite side of his engine, odd in hand, when Conductor Goodrich called, "All aboard!" and gave the signal with his lantern to leave. As Joe stepped into the cab, some one touched him on the shoulder and greeted him with a familiar voice. He turned around and confronted his youngest brother, who had just arrived from the east. He was speechless, and it was a minute before he was convinced it was not an apparition; he pulled the throttle and the train was in motion; it was ten miles to Abingdon, the first stop, and quietly turning to his brother he said: "When we got to Abingdon, you get off and take a seat in the rear coach." The young man pleaded and begged the privilege of riding to Quincy with his brother on the engine, but Joe would listen to no arbitration; his will was absolute, and when the stop was made at Abingdon Henry was sent to the rear coach.

"All aboard" was again rung out in the darkness, and again the dim light from the lantern was signaled to go ahead; an easier, feeling took possession of Joe after his brother left the engine, still the rain was pouring down as if the floodgates of heaven had been opened; St. Augustine was passed and the whistle was sounding for Avon; both engineer and fireman were straining every optical nerve penetrating the driving rain and the oppressive darkness; Prairie City was left in the dark, and only four miles to Bushnell; the "Macomb" was being tested as to her merits of speed, and was acting like a restless spirited race horse, fairly quivering under the tender urging of her driver. Joe was complete master of her erratic ways, holding her in perfect control with his hand ever upon the lever and throttle.

Three miles from Bushnell is Keppie creek; again was he peering into the blackness of the night made angry from the unceasing rain; only a few yards from the engine did the headlight penetrate, and as the light flashed upon the bridge a whistle for brakes was sounded; it was too late; in another instant the treacherous bridge was reached and the engine went plunging into the chasm 20 feet below.

Van Netta's body was found in the wreck completely cut in two, his left hand still held of the throttle. Conductor Goodrich was badly but not fatally injured, the fireman was instantly killed and the brakeman crippled for life; strange to say, not a passenger was injured.

The vision was fulfilled, except the fate of the brothers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

FIGURE AND FIGURES

"Say, did you ever measure yourself for a suit of clothes?" I heard a weather bureau, whose lonely forecasting station is away out in the Rocky mountains a couple of hundred miles from anywhere, and who drifted into Washington last week on a little vacation, to a Washington Star reporter.

"Because, if you never did, take my advice and don't. I tried it a couple of months ago. I missed getting by with it by a thousand miles, although I worked harder at that job than at anything I ever tackled."

"When I heard, a couple of months ago, that they were going to let me have a little vacation, I began to size up my wardrobe, and I found that the suit looked pretty shabby. It was all right for the higher altitudes of the Rockies, where I never had anybody to look me over except the occasional freighters who passed along the trail, leaving me letters and packages, and where there were no girl creatures of any kind, but it was plain that that suit wasn't going to do for civilization, especially for the streets of Washington, where I intended to visit my folks. There was no chance of my getting to the nearest town and ordering a suit, on account of the daily reports I had to make, and a trip to the nearest town would have taken four days, there and back. I didn't want to go into the nearest town to take the railroad east, anyhow, with that poor rig on—I wanted to blossom on a waiting world in all the splendor of new duds."

"I was in this quandary when I picked up a magazine, and, according to my custom—everybody's else, too, I imagine—I began to look through the ads in the back part first. Then I was let out, or thought I was let out, of my dilemma, as to those new togs. Read the ad of a firm telling of it mail order system whereby any man of the intelligence of a mollusk could measure himself for his own clothes and have 'em shipped to him by express. The ad. advised people that wanted clothes on this system to send for its free booklet, 'How to Measure Yourself for Your Clothes,' and my request for one of those booklets, as well as an intimation that I'd like to have a few samples of cloth sent along at the same time, went out by the next mail."

"I received the samples and the booklet about a week later, and I studied the booklet harder than I ever studied any textbooks for an examination. At last, after about four days of intense application, I thought that I had mastered the intricacies of the scheme, and, after I had done my day's work, I repaired to my garret above the forecaster's office and started in to go over my shape with the tape. I had the booklet directions spread out in front of me on a table, and there didn't seem to be any chance for me to lose. After about three hours' work I at length imagined that I had it all O. K. The figures that I had made looked like a race doper's handiwork on a pad, but it seemed beautiful to me. I verified it, as I thought, with the directions to guide me, and the sums seemed to work out properly enough. Then I picked out a couple of samples, and inclosed my tabulation of self-measurements—it looked, too, something like one of the census reports of the production of wheat for ten years—to the firm, instructing 'em to make up the two suits and fire them along to me just as soon as completed, C. O. D."

"About a week later I received a very entertaining letter from the boss of the mail department of that firm. He said in his letter that I made beautiful figures, and that it was plain that the government supplied me with a swell brand of ink, and plenty of it—but he said that he thought I must have been only fooling when I'd sent in those measurements."

"These measurements," he went on, 'do not call for clothing for a man. I do not say this lightly, or in the way of jest, but because I can prove it. I'll proceed to prove it. A couple of weeks ago a man who has, at one of the museums here, a set of performing seals, took it into his head that the act would go better if he dressed his seals up in something like human clothing. So he came to our firm for the clothing for his seals. The seals were duly measured by one of our experts, and the clothes cut and made for them. Now, when your measurements came along the other day the extraordinary similarity of the measurements to those taken for the seals' clothing struck us, and we compared the figures. Believe me, the measurements for the performing seals' suits and those you sent us tallied almost exactly. Consequently we are under the impression that you must have made some little mistake, or slipped a cog, or something. If the self-measuring system seems a little too complicated for you, I respectfully recommend that you just jot down on a piece of paper your general measurements—height, weight, reach of arms, length of limbs, girth in inches, and so on, and we will make up the two suits of clothes from the samples you sent us, and send them to you on approval. They will very likely fit pretty well. At all events, it will be impossible for us to make the suits from these self-measuring figures you have sent us."

"Humiliating, wasn't it? But I took that fellow's advice, and sent him my plain measurements, without resorting to any geometry or trigonometry or any of the other higher mathematics called for by the self-measuring system. He acknowledged receipt of these plain figures, and in due time the pair of suits came along. Fitted pretty well, at that."

"By the time I reach the stage when I want to or need to cut my own hair, I'll try that self-measuring-as-a-guide-to-it-form scheme again."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Have you not noticed the remarkable change in pet dogs?" asked my vis-a-vis in the subway train.

"No," I answered, puzzled.

"Have you not observed how they spring new tricks on their masters every few weeks which their masters have not taught them? Does not your dog sham dead with consummate pathos; does it not beg in the most engaging manner, and carry a flag without being asked?"

"I have no dog," said I.

"Well, if you had it would," continued the stranger, unabashed. "If you will watch dogs nowadays you will see a serious life-purpose reflected in their eyes. And observe horses, too! In the seclusion of the stable they conscientiously practice standing on their hind legs. They dance the waltz. They whinny in various keys. This is true of many a mere cab horse. Watch them!"

"There are none in the subway," I objected.

My vis-a-vis leaned toward me with an air of the deepest mystery.

"There will be soon," he whispered.

"What under the sun do you mean?" I inquired.

"Do you suppose that the intelligent classes among animals are not alarmed about their future in this age of machinery? Do you suppose that the phrase 'The Horseless Age' has not reached the ears of equine thinkers? Do you suppose that pet dogs are not vowing with alarm the growing popularity of the mechanical toy—the Teddy bear, the stuffed pup, the woolly ba-lamb? Of course they are. And it stands to reason that they are taking the most vigorous steps for self-preservation."

I began to be interested in spite of myself.

"What steps are they taking?" I asked.

"There are some horses alive," answered the stranger, more mysteriously than ever, "which possess more than one horse power."

"Get out!" I exclaimed.

"Yesterday," continued my vis-a-vis, "I saw a storage battery horse."

"Hasn't the doctor advised you to leave it alone?" I asked sarcastically.

"This silenced him for a while. He allowed the train to pass two stations before he said another word. Then he leaned toward me again.

"Look at cats," he said.

"I won't," I replied testily.

"Look at the hitherto unambitious rab—"

"Now, once for all," I cried, losing all my patience at last, "tell me what it is that you are driving at."

"Simply this," he answered at once. "For months past I have been observing the actions of animals with the greatest care. I have followed them about. I have peeped into the privacy of the kennel and the manger. I have watched Tabby at home. And my investigations have convinced me absolutely that there is in existence a—now, what do you suppose?"

"Oh, spring it!" I snapped.

"A Correspondence School for Animals. Can't you imagine the kind of things that are being taught by mail to our domestic beasts? 'Ten Lessons in the Kennel; or, Be a Trick Dog.' 'Are You Tired of Street Fighting?—Learn to Be a Lapdog.' 'Stamp Out the Toy Evil; or, How to Act as if Wound Up.' And there are similar courses for the more serious needs of equine pupils. 'Up from Livestock; or How to Eat Gasoline and Run.' 'Are You Tired of a Cab?—Be a Circus Horse.' 'Ho! for the Vanderbilt Cup; or, How to Digest a Storage Battery. Oh, I am sure that some knowing animals have started such a school and are leading their fellows along the path to higher knowledge. Is it not superb, is it not—"

"I looked my vis-a-vis severely in the eye.

"Where you belong," I said, "is in the—"

He beamed at me.

"I just escaped," he remarked.

Gigantic Mystery.

The office was locked. There was a red sign on the door with these mysterious letters:

"G. T. G. S."

The policeman passed and was mystified. So was the postman. Presently the crowd began to collect from all sides. Ten minutes later there was a surging mob outside the office. Just then a bewildered and perplexing individual fought his way through the crowd and opened the door of the office.

"In the name of the mad mullah! What does all this mean?" he gasped.

"Black hand, burglars, or fire?"

"Neither, sir," replied the policeman. "We were only a little puzzled to know what 'G. T. G. S.' means?"

The owner of the office laughed long and loud.

"G. T. G. S.? Oh, that means: 'Gone to Get Shaved.'"

And the crowd melted away like a snowball on the equator.

Above His Station.

Gen. Morrill, of Philadelphia, has the reputation of being the best dressed man in the house of representatives. He is also more fully endowed with good looks than most of his legislative brethren.

He was coming down the main aisle of the house the other day, when a pretty girl in the gallery on the right of the press gallery, said:

"Oh! look at that diplomat on the floor while the house is in session!"

THE MATINEE.

BY CECIL FRAYER.

"Do you know, the play this afternoon was for all the world like our married life!" said Violet, as she sat down at dinner.

"Really? It must have been interesting."

"It was a pretty little love affair, just like ours!"

"So? I would like to see the leading lady!"

Violet shook the salt cellar violently, although the cook's soups never needed remedying.

"Why do you want to see her?"

"Because she is like you, of course!"

"Oh, isn't she pretty?"

"Now you think you've got me in a corner, don't you? Well, to tell you the truth, she is pretty. But I said she wasn't like me in some ways. She was so fearfully jealous of her husband, too. That is what made the trouble between them. Of course there had to be trouble some time, or there wouldn't have been any play. There's use for most everything in this world, isn't there—good or bad?"

Violet grew philosophical sometimes, but the times were short.

"Oh, then I think I understand. The leading lady was like you because she was pretty, but—"

"That isn't what I said!"

"Yes, you did—I beg your pardon."

"What I said was that the leading lady was not like me because the leading lady was pretty, and—"

"Oh, now I understand—"

"No, you don't! You don't want to understand."

Violet was scornfully silent, and a little smile crept but at the corners of her husband's mouth—though there was nothing humorous in serving the fish.

"Yes—I said that, in some things, the leading lady and I were not alike—you remember. But she was really foolish about it, I thought. My sympathies were entirely with him. You see, it was this way: They had been married almost a year, and he had never left her alone for a single evening. But finally, one day, he heard that an old friend of his was playing on the stage in the city where they lived. They had played together as little children, and had been brought up together, and of course he thought a good deal of her—in a friendly way. Well, when he found she was playing there, he wanted to call on her after the theater, and his wife wouldn't let him!"

"Are you sure he had never been in love with her? That makes a difference, you know."

"Yes. Certain of it. He told her so, but she wouldn't believe him."

"Why not?"

"That was it—why not? You see she was so jealous that she wouldn't believe him, even when he told her the truth. There's where I blamed her. She should have had more faith in him."

"Had he ever deceived her?"

"Never!"

"H'm! It seems to be an odd fact, that the more devoted the husband, the less faith his wife seems to have in him. But I don't see what there was in that play that reminded you of our married life, dear. You aren't jealous of me, are you?"

"Of course not!"

"And you say the leading lady didn't look like you?"

"Well—not—not—"

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 5.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.40 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.20, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.30 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 8.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 3.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, 3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 5.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.10, 7.36 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 6.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m. Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave, Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.80 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.16 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.15, 5.56 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*V. & Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M. C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Actual Increase 2,458,551 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st. 1906. This is the record of the

7-20-4
10c Cigar

Thirty-two years New England's Favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr
Manchester, N. H.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Elliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Elliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Elliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Elliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Elliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

S. G. LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar

Has No Equal.

S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURNING DONE.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton—6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.55 a. m., 8.45 a. m., 10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 8.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19, a. m., 2.35 and 5.13 p. m. Trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.28 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 6.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 11.55 a. m., 11.00 p. m., 2.40, 3.40, 11.00 p. m., 4.32, 7.35, 11.00 p. m., 11.00 p. m. Car leaves North Hampton, 4.32 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m. and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.03 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Holidays.

Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xxSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth, Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, 11.45 p. m.

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 6.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m. Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratford only.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Mount Vernon Granite and Marble business in the city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterbury, Ct. During this time we have set considerable monuments in the city of Portsmouth, and in the surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to fill up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, at the same business prices, viz.: High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices. Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices.

FRED C. SMALLEY,
Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

MEN AND GOSSIP

"Is your husband opposed to the tiniest little bit of personal talk?" asked one matron of another. "If you see an acquaintance three blocks away when you are on the street with him, and say, 'There comes Mary Smith; doesn't she look pretty?' does he clutch you by the arm and say, 'For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud; she'll hear you?' Just as if Mary Smith would be my enemy for life if she heard me say she looked pretty. Does he call you a hopeless gossip if you comment on the fact that Margaret Jones is seen a great deal with young Mr. Atterbury; and make life a burden to you if you dare to whisper that you understand the Browns do not get along well together?"

"Yes," replied the other matron, with a sigh. "Yes, my husband does all of those things. I do not have a happy life because of his prejudices in such matters. Say that an intimate friend of mine comes to see me and we talk in the library, where he apparently is deep in the newspaper. We are immensely interested in our subject, when I hear a faint cough. I look at my husband, and he is gazing reproachfully at me over his paper. He shakes his head severely and I grope around in my mind frantically to see what I have said that has merited his displeasure. Then I remember that I have mentioned the fact that Mrs. Robinson plays bridge every afternoon, or that Mrs. Jones is wearing her last year's tailored frock."

"After my friend goes I receive the most awful lecture about the abyss that is yawning at my feet. I am told that the end of all scandal-mongers is the penitentiary and that there can be no grief to a man like knowing that he has a gossip for a wife."

"Now I take my friends upstairs under the pretense that I have something to show them up there. Before I learned this trick I never had one happy moment with my women acquaintances when Alfred was in the house."

"It amuses me," returned her companion, in anything but an amused manner. "Tell you why. The other evening Ned and one of his friends were talking in the library and I was ostensibly reading in the drawing room. I wish you could have heard their conversation! I listened with deliberate intent, and I distinctly heard them declare that a Mr. Arrowroot could not meet his obligations. Ned said he had indorsed one note for him and had to pay it, and he never intended to indorse another. They said his business would go into the hands of a receiver. They talked also of a Charlie some-body-or-other who was going to the bow-wows by the race-horse route, whatever that may mean. The other man said Charlie was a plunger, but he wasn't in it with his brother Frank and thus the talk went on."

"After the other man had gone I went and sat on the arm of Ned's chair and spoke to him like a mother. 'Do you approve of backbiting, Ned?' I asked sweetly. Do you think personal gossip is either right or elevating?"

"He said he did not, and that he was glad I had commenced to see the matter in a proper light."

"The reason I asked," I interrupted, "was because I could not help overhearing some of the unkind things you said about certain friends of yours—how their credit wasn't good, and they bet on race horses and other things of that sort; but at this, my dear, his ears turned red as anything, and he interrupted my very rudely."

"Women should not talk about what they do not understand," he said, 'nor listen to conversations not intended for their ears, and with that he posted off to bed, raging mad. He has not said anything to me since about my indiscretions of speech; indeed, it is a very good idea to get something like that on your husband; it holds him in check."

"Couldn't Fool Him Twice.

The heavy clouds were massing in the west, the lightning was flashing, and the thunder was rumbling ominously.

The fond mother gathered her young hopeful to her, and tried logically to calm his fears.

"There's no danger, dear. God sends the thunder storm to clear the air, water the flowers, and make things cool. You mustn't be frightened. It won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little chap listened intently, and when his mother finished he looked at her quizzically.

"No, no, mamma," he murmured; "you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist to have that tooth pulled."

Had He Been Napoleon?

Mme. Calve, in an interview that she accorded to a young woman journalist, imputed her success to hard work.

"There are many good voices," she said, "that the world will never hear because their owners are too indolent to develop them."

"It is like the story of the farmer," said looking up from his magazine, the farmer said vehemently to his wife one night:

"I do know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Yes," the woman answered, "You'd have settled down in Corsica, and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."

HIS INNOCENT WAY

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamvery, gazing fondly across the room at her husband, who beamed blandly, not knowing what was about to befall him at her hands. "Yes, last Tuesday was certainly Billy's busy day for saying and doing the wrong things!"

"Honest, now, Billy," she went on before he could open his mouth to protest, "I wish some time you'd confide in me just how many weeks you devoted to thinking up all those little gems of thought. I know they sounded extemporaneous to our guests, but I knew you had been burning midnight gas or taking time which you should have devoted to stocks and bonds to accumulate them."

"We had the Simpsons to dinner," she explained to the others, who enjoyed watching Hamvery writhing. "Now, I'm not exactly afraid of the Simpsons, but if things are going to go wrong I'd lots prefer that they'd do so when I have guests who are more easy-going."

"Of course, I had all my best things out for the table. I always intend to use good things every day for my own family, but a few of my cherished possessions I am trying to make last as long as possible. Billy spilled the napkins first. Now, the monograms on those new napkins are worth their weight in gold, but I opened mine with the nonchalant air of one who was bored by the very sight of exquisite embroidery and had even better ones, laid with diamonds, perhaps, put away. Not so, Billy!"

"Where's he?" he murmured, surveying his napkin admiringly. "Got those initials done at last, didn't you, Adele?" They look fine and certainly are an improvement. You've no idea how she has slaved over those, Mrs. Simpson!"

"At this juncture I broke in with a sprightly remark about the weather, which I elaborated till Billy had finished his soup. When he started to carve the roast he made one or two spasmodic jabs with the knife and then sighed patiently."

"Can't I have the old carving set?" he inquired in an injured tone. "This

"It's the Same Pattern Exactly."

one is so seldom used that it never gets an edge on it."

"So I had to sit and smile and see the maid obediently carry away my beautiful \$20 carving set and bring on the war-beaten old cheap one that the cook made a mistake and boiled once and baked another time, the processes not especially enhancing its beauty."

"But the knife cuts!" hastily interposed Hamvery for the benefit of the company.

"I didn't see that there was very much else he could say that would be embarrassing," went on Mrs. Hamvery. "But even I did not realize Billy's ability in that direction."

"He paused with the silver serving spoon in his hand when the maid presented the scalloped potatoes. 'Dear me,' he said, 'I didn't know you had a spoon just like your mother's.'"

"As it was in fact the same spoon which I had borrowed I was quite able to reassure him that it actually was the same pattern shivering beneath the comprehending, glassy stare of Mrs. Simpson, who doesn't have to borrow spoons."

"Well, you might have given me a tip beforehand," growled Hamvery, defensively.

"Oh, yes," agreed his wife, sweetly. "And had you exclaimed, 'Is this the spoon you said you borrowed from your mother?' If only you would not put on such a beaming, angelically innocent expression when you are about to perpetrate those conversational bombs, dearest! That makes me so utterly helpless! It would be equal to sticking pins into a gulleus, or those occasions!"

"When the Simpsons departed," concluded Mrs. Hamvery, "Billy, like a genial host, was assiduous in helping Mrs. Simpson with her wraps. Her coat hung next to mine. Both were gray, but there the resemblance ceased, for my suit cost \$40 and she never paid a cent less than \$125 for hers. Any woman could have detected the difference in them a block away, but Billy hesitated over the coat he picked up."

"Is this your coat or Mrs. Simpson's, Adele?" he asked, innocently.

"It was the finishing touch, for Mrs. Simpson prides herself on her clothes being entirely original and unlike any one else's. I know she has hated me ever since!"

"Anyhow," murmured the crushed Hamvery, "they got a mighty good dinner, if I do say it!"—Chicago Daily News.

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES

By W. J. LAMPTON.

This is a true story of New York life in one phase. There are two characters in it, a man and a woman. Neither was too young to be silly or too old to be sentimental. It began several years ago and ended only recently. The man lived in New York at its beginning, as he does now, and the woman lived, and still lives, in a nearby suburb. They met, as men and women sometimes do, on a train. It was no common flirtation, with the usual disregard of the convention. He was a gentleman, she a lady, and for some courtesy he had extended with perfect propriety she thanked him, and their acquaintance began.

"They were congenial spirits. Surely if they had not been her thanks for his courtesy would have marked the end of their accidental meeting. They talked for perhaps an hour before she left the train, and a mutual hope was expressed that they might

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
MARCH 11SUN RISES.....6:01 | MOON RISES, 01:15 A. M.
SUN SETS.....5:45 | MOON SETS, 10:30 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY, 11 44 | FULL MOON, 10:30 P. M.New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 20m., evening, W.
Full Moon, March 28th, 2h. 44m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10h. 20m., morning, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

THE HERALD'S thermometer registered thirty-six degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

Heavy teams are on wheels. Things seem to be looking up in police circles. Portsmouth must wait awhile for a ship subsidy bill. Smelts from Great Bay are very hard to obtain now. Strawberry shortcake has appeared in local restaurants. Coal business at this port should now begin to pick up. Gasoline has advanced in price to eighteen cents a gallon. The tailors are showing some very attractive new fabrics. March has plenty of time to make its ugly reputation good. Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 24 Congress street. The little republics will settle all questions at the polls tomorrow. Will Acting Mayor Davis preside at any meetings of the city council? When the Sun shines brightly, some of the streets are converted into rivers. The Lenton organ recitals at the North Church are certain to attract music lovers. After next Friday, the sixth day of the week will be a working day for the Legislature. There seems to be considerable disagreement in regard to the number of snow storms this winter. Should there be another snow storm, all the streets of Portsmouth would be navigable when the thaw came.

PERSONALS

Oscar E. Smith of West Ossipee was here on Saturday. Thomas Dudley, Jr., of Dover, passed Sunday with relatives in this city. Mrs. Alta Summers of Newmarket has been visiting relatives here for a few days. Miss Anne Mowe Varrell and Miss Mary Varrell have returned from a visit in Littleton. Attorney J. O. Ross of Hingham passed Saturday in this city, where he formerly resided. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Joy of Lynn, Mass., passed Sunday with relatives in this city. Former Representative John W. Warren of North Hampton was among the week end visitors here. William Page, a former resident of this city and former Chief Engineer Patrick Manning, both of Amesbury, Mass., were the guests of friends here on Sunday. William A. Malbone, a former electrical worker in the department of yards and docks at the navy yard, went to western Massachusetts today (Monday), where he has been offered a position as overseer of an electrical system to be installed in a city in that part of the Bay State.

AN UNPROFITABLE TRAIN

The five p. m. train on Sunday from Portsmouth to Boston is fast becoming one of the best paying local trains between these points on the Eastern division and every now and then extra cars are added to handle the passengers. The passengers taken from Portsmouth alone would make a good train, to say nothing of those picked up along the line.

RAND—TRAFTON

Perley M. Rand of Rye and Florence A. Trafton of this city were recently married by Rev. Henry E. Hovey.

REGULAR P. A. C. MEETING

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Athletic Club will be held on Tuesday evening.

ITALIAN IS HELD.

Remanded To Jail By
Judge Without Bail

TO AWAIT ACTION OF SUPERIOR COURT

Alice Melville Ordered To Pay Fine
For LarcenyBALDINI FELICE HELD ON A LIQUOR
SELLING CHARGE

Monday morning sessions of the police court are stretching out a little and today the session brought out many spectators who gathered long before the opening hour, ten o'clock.

Five cases were booked for hearing, but in no case was an testimony offered. Those who pleaded guilty were ordered to hand out the cash and the not guilty pleaders were held for the higher tribunal.

Assaulting Italian Held for Superior Court

Giorgio Fiorentino, the Italian who murderously assaulted Alice Melville with a knife early Saturday morning, was up today for further hearing. Through his counsel, Harry F. Allen, he waived the reading of the complaint and examination and entered a plea of not guilty. He was remanded to jail without bail, to await the action of the grand jury at the April term of superior court.

Held for Liquor Selling

Baldini Felice, upon whom the police called at Freeman's Point on Sunday and brought back a wagon load of liquor, answered the charge of selling liquor without a license.

His attorney, J. L. Giffith, waived the reading of the writ and also examination and the court ordered bonds in the sum of \$200 for his appearance before the grand jury on the third Tuesday in April at Exeter.

Larceny of \$6.00

Alice Melville, charged with the larceny of \$6.00 from Giorgio Fiorentino, also waived the reading of the complaint and examination and pleaded guilty. She was fined \$5.00 and the costs of court, \$7.67.

Disorderly House

Peter McDonald, charged with keeping a disorderly house, also waived a hearing and pleaded guilty. He paid a fine of \$10.00 and costs of \$6.90.

A Sunday Drunk

John Flanagan, charged with drunkenness on Manning street, was fined \$10.00 and costs of \$6.90, which he paid.

APPEAL FOR AID

For Capt. Nickerson, Who Suffered
Great Misfortune

Perhaps it may be remembered that some eight weeks ago Capt. Josiah Nickerson, skipper of the fishing schooner Minerva, was badly frozen while endeavoring to reach his vessel from this city.

On the afternoon of Jan. 16, the Minerva was lying in the lower harbor, and Capt. Nickerson came up to town in a small open boat. When he started to return in the evening, a cold, northwest gale was blowing.

On the return trip Capt. Nickerson lost his way and in a benumbed and semi-conscious condition drifted about until nearly daybreak, when he managed to reach shore and make his way to the house of Mrs. Mary E. Simpson, in New Castle. Mrs. Simpson's son, who is a member of the Rye Beach lifesaving crew, was fortunately at home on leave of absence, and everything possible was done for the sufferer till medical aid arrived.

Capt. Nickerson's hands and feet were found to be solidly frozen and as soon as possible he was removed to the Cottage Hospital in this city. Here it was found necessary to amputate first both of his hands, and then both of his feet.

The unfortunate man is now recovering nicely from the operations, but he is, of course, absolutely helpless. He will soon be discharged from the hospital and left upon his own resources.

Capt. Nickerson has a wife and

PIANO TUNING

That is right,
..... AT

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

four children and it is imperative that kind friends should help the man in a financial way, both to secure him artificial hands and feet and to establish him in some way to assist in earning a living.

A subscription has been started at T. wharf, Boston, and there is another fund being collected at Gloucester, Mass., at both of which places the Captain is well known. In addition to this, the officers and crews of each of the four lifesaving stations on the New Hampshire coast have contributed liberally from their meagre salaries to help a brother of the sea in his misfortune.

It is, however, necessary that more aid financially be given Capt. Nickerson. Therefore, the people of Portsmouth and of this vicinity are appealed to to play the part of good Samaritans and lend a hand to one who has fallen into such circumstances.

Contributions may be left at the music store of H. P. Montgomery, Pleasant street, or at National block, at the office of Supt. S. H. Harding, commanding the first lifesaving district. All funds will finally be turned over to Supt. Harding, who will deliver them to Capt. Nickerson and see that they are properly used.

A CONTENTED PRISONER

Patrick Morgan Seems to be Worried
Not at All

Patrick Morgan, who shot and killed in cold blood Dennis Boheny, on Dover Landing, two weeks ago and who is charged with murder in the first degree, is apparently one of the most contented prisoners in Dover jail, where he has been incarcerated since the day of the tragedy, says a dispatch from Dover.

He also eats and sleeps well, and maintains a deep silence on anything pertaining to the murder, with which he stands charged. He will not even talk with the jail officials about the tragedy, and patiently awaits the fate held for him by the criminal courts.

Twice Morgan has been brought before the local court for a preliminary hearing, and twice the hearing has been continued, although the first time he was arraigned and pleaded not guilty.

The hearing on Friday was continued for one week, because of the illness of the murderer's senior counsel, Hon. James A. Edgeley of Somersworth, the junior counsel, Col. Walter W. Scott, appearing for the prisoner at that time.

Col. Scott expressed the opinion that the preliminary hearing will occupy about one day. When the prisoner is tried there is little doubt that the defence will be based upon insanity.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Some marines who overstayed their liberty were sent back to the yard today (Monday) by the Portsmouth police.

The Leonidas will be docked soon after her arrival for the installation of her new steel masts and rigging.

The new ferry boat was about the river this (Monday) forenoon, where the crew was giving her a trial. The new craft looks decidedly well in the water and seems to turn and move very quickly.

Comdr. John R. Edwards, head of the steam engineering department, hopes that the department will send some of the smaller ships here in the near future, which would probably avoid a discharge in that department. Comdr. Edwards, since his transfer to this yard and station, has labored early and late to hold the force of mechanics and laborers in his department. His work is acknowledged as remarkable and since the first day he assumed charge it has been apparent that the yard and the mechanics on both sides of the river have lost nothing because of lack of interest on the part of Comdr. Edwards.

OLD TIME STORY

California Correspondent Writes Of
Incident Fifty Years Ago

To the Editor of The Herald:—I have received from my brother your account of the incident in the life of Joseph O. Caswell, who recently died in Portsmouth. It is nearly correct, but if you will allow a little space in your columns I will try to tell it as it occurred. Though it happened long ago, your notice brings it all back as clearly as if it took place only yesterday and I am proud to say that there were many instances of true heroism among the young men of those days on the islands.

At daylight on a cold November morning, my brother, Harrison T., and I in one small boat or skiff, as we then called such boats, and Mr. Caswell with his younger brother, Origen S., in another, had gone to the eastern part of Duck Island gunning. Our boats were not far apart. We had not been there long before some ducks or coots came in sight. I saw Mr. Caswell raise his gun to fire at them and then a cry and a call for help took me to his side.

His gun had exploded just where he grasped it with his left hand. The palm of his hand was torn open and his fingers hung in shreds. A piece of the gun had struck him in the forehead and made him almost senseless; and in this condition I knew something must be done quickly to save him.

I gave the two boys my skiff and told them to row for home as quickly as possible, which was some two and one-half miles away. I stopped the flow of blood as best I could, took off my coat and put it on over his and made him as comfortable as possible. He was soon after in agony and shivering with cold, while I was perspiring and rowing with all my strength. The wind now sprang up from the northeast and being in my favor I soon landed on the north side of Smutynose Island and took him to the hotel, then kept by Lafayette Caswell and Edward S. Foss. These men were then at Appledore Island.

The women at the house dressed the wounds and tried to quiet Mr. Caswell, though he was by this time crazed with loss of blood and pain.

I left him and rowed to Star Island and got a larger boat launched, I hardly know how, for there were but two men on the island, all the others being off fishing. We rowed back to Smutynose Island, took Mr. Caswell on board, with his mother and brother, Samuel B. Caswell, and started for Rye Harbor, that being the nearest mainland.

The wind was now blowing hard, an easterly November gale was coming on, but it greatly helped us on our way. We soon reached the harbor and the home of friends. Dr. Warren was not at home and a messenger speedily rode to Portsmouth and late in the evening came back with Dr. Oliver in a terrible rain storm.

The wounded man was cared for, our anxiety was nearly over and we all felt greatly relieved to learn from the Doctor that he would recover. It was a close call and we know he never fully recovered from the fearful shock.

I did only what plain duty called for in such an emergency. Nearly every one of the actors in this scene are dead. I am called an old man myself and am nearly 8,500 miles away. Fifty years have passed since then, but your story has brought to me a vivid picture of our young lives at the Isles of Shoals.

Falo Alto, Cal., March 1, 1907.

W. C. T. U. NOTICE

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Lucy Entwistle, 153 State street, on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock.

Unless there is more snow, the sleighing cannot last much longer.

HIS LAST SERMON

Bishop Guertin Bids Farewell To St.
Anthony's Parish

Bishop George Albert Guertin preached his farewell sermon on Sunday to his parishioners of St. Anthony's Church, Manchester, to two great congregations.

His text was, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all else will be added to you." It was from the same text that the Bishop preached his first sermon to the people of St. Anthony's.

The people gave to the Bishop a purse of \$800 and a gold pectoral cross and chain, the cross mounted with precious stones.

Bishop Guertin expressed deep gratitude for these testimonials.

MR. HACKETT SPOKE

Addressed the Men's Meeting in Y.
M. C. A. Hall

The men's meeting in Y. M. C. A. Hall on Sunday afternoon was addressed by Hon. Frank W. Hackett, former assistant secretary of the navy.

There was a very large attendance and Mr. Hackett's remarks were listened to with keenest interest.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Miss Jessie A. Record was held on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock from the home of her parents in Greenland, Rev. Dr. Edward Roble officiating. Interment was in Greenland cemetery. Undertaker H. W. Nickerson in charge.

The funeral of Mrs. Ruth H. Goozins was held at two o'clock this (Monday) afternoon from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin S. Hoyt, in Newington. Rev. Isaac H. Mead of Everett, Mass., was the officiating clergyman. Burial was in Newington cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker Nickerson.

MEMORIAL MASS

A large number of the parishioners of the Church of the Immaculate Conception attended a memorial requiem mass offered at eight o'clock this (Monday) morning for the soul of the late beloved pastor, Rev. P. J. Finnigan. Rev. Fr. William J. Cavanaugh was the celebrant of the mass and the combined choirs of the church sang the Gregorian chant.

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